MEMOIRS OF AN ANTI-ZIONIST JEW

Elmer Berger

The Institute for Palestine Studies

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BY

ELMER BERGER

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INTRODUCTION

When Dr. Elmer Berger, in response to the invitation of Dr. Hisham Sharabi, editor of the *Journal of Palestine Studies,* wrote his "Memoirs of an Anti-Zionist Jew,"[1] the members of the Editorial Board of the *Journal* and its editor were deeply impressed with the high quality and permanent contribution of those reminiscences. I am sure that this impression has been shared by readers of the Journal, whether or not they were previously acquainted with Dr. Berger's relentless endeavour for justice and peace in Palestine. Dr. Berger was then requested to expand these "Memoirs" for separate publication by the Institute for Palestine Studies, and I was given the privilege of writing an introduction.

I accepted this assignment with mixed feelings. On the one hand, I regarded it, as I said, a privilege to present to the reading public this stirring account of a dedicated life which many like myself have followed with admiration and respect. But, on the other, I have felt that any comment that I may be able to make on it would either be superfluous or would spoil its effect on the reader. The *Memoirs* speak for themselves. They present the facts so simply and they ring with such sincerity and conviction that they gain immediate access to the reader's mind and heart. For this reason, I will try to be brief, hoping to avoid any interference with the impact which Dr. Berger's account will, I am sure, have on any one who will have the opportunity to read it and to be inspired by it as I personally have been.

Dr. Berger's life and work have been distinguished both by his deep insights into one of today's most harassing problems — the problem of Palestine — and by his courage and persistence in defend-

[1] *Journal of Palestine Studies,* Nº 17/18 (Autumn 1975/Winter 1976), pp. 3-55.

ing the truths that these insights revealed. He has regarded it as his duty to expose the blind neglect and deliberate distortion of those truths and to combat the pernicious attitudes, policies and decisions which resulted from this neglect and distortion. His struggle has been one of the few noteworthy and consistent attempts to go to the heart of the issue and "to advocate the fundamentals."[2] For there is perhaps no problem in human history which has been surrounded with as much misrepresentation, deception and emotional manipulation as has been the problem of Palestine. The Zionists have created and put into operation such a powerful machinery of information, or rather of misinformation, of calumniation and of intimidation that the fundamentals have not been allowed to appear; they have been almost completely submerged by a mass of untruths and irrelevancies.

What are the fundamentals? They are, briefly, that the Palestinians have long been denied the universally recognized right of self-determination; that they stand today as a people who is denied this right, not only in fact, but also — by the Zionists and their mighty supporters — in principle as well; that they have been deprived of their ancestral homeland and are presently living either as second-class citizens in Israel, or under direct domination in the occupied territories or as refugees in other Arab countries; that they have been dispossessed of most of their property; that they have endured tragic misery and suffering and have been forced to take up arms and to battle for their rights; and that, in spite of all of this, they still have a long, tortuous and bloody way to go before they win recognition and implementation of these rights.

Equally fundamental, on the other side of the picture, is the aggressive, colonizing character of the world Zionist movement which, through its widespread influence in Western countries — and now primarily in the US — has succeeded in robbing the Palestinians of their rights, in establishing the state of Israel on their historical land and in building up Israel's military power to serve its domineering expansionist ideology and policies. This influence has reached such an extent that Israel has been able to disregard UN decisions arrogantly and with impunity, to resist pressure by governments and public

[2] See p. 153 of the text.

opinion, and to demand acquiescence in its own terms and conditions (as evidenced by the results of President Sadat's peace initiative). It is even questionable whether Israel and the world Zionist movement behind it have ever wanted peace, since much of their support comes as a result of their falsely manipulated appeals for assistance to defend their "security"—a support which will undoubtedly dwindle once peace and real security have been established.

The fundamentals have, as I said, been veiled by a vast array of untruths and irrelevancies which Zionism has not ceased to evolve and to spread, such as: that the Jews are a nation as well as a people; that their God has promised them the land of Palestine; that they "have made the desert bloom" and brought to the whole Middle East the benefits of technological development and progress; that Israel is the only democratic state in the Middle East and forms the bastion of democracy in the region; that it serves and protects Western interests against communist infiltration in an area which, through its oil wealth, has become vital to those interests; and so on.

These and other untruths and irrelevancies, when properly examined, reveal two anachronistic and dangerous concepts—that of a theocratic society whose people have been singled out by God for a unique mission in Palestine, and that of colonization with a *mission civilisatrice* which justifies conquest and exploitation through superior technological capacity. The winds of change have played havoc with these outdated concepts, but they are still alive and dominant in Zionism.

Through his own personal activities, and through the American Council for Judaism of which he was for two decades the organizing mind and the moving spirit, Dr. Berger fought to expose these untruths and irrelevancies, to point out their evil implications in the ugly machinations of the Zionists and in the dangerous and inequitable policies and decisions of the U.S. government, and to call attention to the basic human rights and values which they violate.

If Dr. Berger's advocacy and defence of fundamentals stirs our admiration, we are no less struck by the spirit in which he has carried on this task. No one who has followed his career, or who reads the following pages, will fail to be impressed by the sincerity of his

conviction, his personal courage and the depth of his commitment. These qualities assume their due measure when they are viewed in the light of the formidable odds with which he or any other seeker of the truth about the Palestine problem is confronted: the ruthless and wide-flung Zionist machine particularly in the US, the pressures which it exerts, and the intimidations and subtle attacks to which it resorts, especially in the case of a Jew who is considered to have deserted the flock and betrayed the cause. Even the American Council for Judaism had ultimately, following the 1967 war, to flinch in the face of these pressures, and Dr. Berger found himself forced to resign from it. But he remained undaunted and continued to pursue his fight through the American Jewish Alternatives to Zionism and otherwise.

In this life-long fight and his disdain of its dangers, Dr. Berger has been moved and strengthened by three basic convictions: the universal moral and spiritual message of Judaism and the dangers which are brought to it by the "racist, discriminatory political sovereignization of Zionism;"[3] the fact that Zionism is contrary to every principle he cherished as an American;[4] and the priority of principle over expediency and of morality and justice over the cynical improvisations of political "leaders."[5]

Although, after thirty-odd years of struggle, Dr. Berger says: "In a sense, I suppose I feel I have 'paid my dues,'"[6] yet, as he looks towards the future, he hopes "to be around for some time" and believes that it is not yet time for him to write the last chapter.[7] We wish him continued health and good fortune so that he will remain around for many more years, for "the effort to make morality and reason the directors of the scenario must continue."[8] We hope that he will live to see his dreams realized in a just and peaceful conclusion of the Palestinian tragedy and to write the last chapter of this admirable account of his involvement in it. In these wishes and hopes we include also his wife Ruth—his constant companion and support.

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3 p. 57.
4 p. 2.
5 p. 144.
6 p. 140.
7 p. 157.
8 p. 141.

The Institute for Palestine Studies is proud to be associated in the publication of these *Memoirs* and takes this opportunity to pay tribute to its author—a remarkable Jew and US citizen, and a man who stands "upon those great, monumental rocks of human values which, despite the parochialism of so much of life, are the genuine universalisms."[9]

C.K. Zurayk

[9] p. 142.

CHAPTER I

THE BEGINNING

Where to begin! My wife and constant helper and travelling companion in these three decades would say "at the beginning." And I will do that, by recounting a personal experience of recent years with one of the genuinely studious and courageous members of the United States Senate. One day in 1972 my friend and sometime collaborator, Dr. W.T. Mallison, phoned from Washington to say Senator Mark O. Hatfield of Oregon had expressed an interest in talking to me. On several occasions, the Senator had delivered speeches on the floor of the Senate expressing concern about the Palestine "refugees" and I had written him applauding the efforts. I happily agreed to the meeting and, in due course, went to Washington for the appointment.

After an exchange of the usual pleasantries the Senator said to me, "Would you mind telling me how you came to your anti-Zionist position?"

The question was a complete surprise. I had been prepared to share some of my experiences in Arab countries or with Arab diplomats in the States; or to detail, to the extent of his interest, the conclusions Mallison and I had reached — and published — about the functioning of the Zionist apparatus in the United States and our convictions about the anti-democratic ideology of the Zionist movement, now canonized by specific legislation which the State of Israel had enacted. But the directness and simplicity of the question the Senator did ask left me speechless for a moment.

Finally, I collected my thoughts and said to him, "I suspect there were three stages — and as many fundamental reasons — for my

position. First, I was born an anti-Zionist. I take no personal credit for this, but it is a fact not without historical significance. For there has been an anti-Zionist tradition among Jews — and particularly in America — since long before the present, apparently overwhelming support for Zionism.

"I came from a Reform Jewish home, attended a Reform Jewish synagogue and a Reform Jewish seminary. *Zionism* was the anomaly — and a little known one — in my formative years. I have felt thoroughly comfortable with the tradition of anti-Zionism all of my life.

"Secondly, when Zionism and Palestine became issues of public debate in the 1940's I came early to the conclusion that the Zionist plan for handling the problem of Jews in Europe who could escape — or might survive Hitler — was a trap. The energetic and skilful Zionist propaganda campaign to put American power and prestige behind Zionism's territorial political aspirations was clearly, even that long ago, inconsistent with American interests in the area. Zionism could not "normalize" the life of Jews throughout the world and I knew most Jews had no intention of seeking "normality" by expatriating themselves to live in a "Jewish State." The complications which had plagued Jews through the years as they struggled to know — and have others know — who and what they are would be compounded by legitimatizing a Zionist state making claims upon them and bestowing national prerogatives upon them. In a word, the Zionist program, I became convinced, was deleterious to Jews and to the long-range interests of the United States.

"And third, over the years, I became convinced — above everything else — that Zionism was contrary to every principle I cherished as an American. I had experienced Zionism's distaste for free and open debate. I had witnessed its efforts to impose economic and social sanctions against any who articulated public disagreement. I knew that the basis of its nationality claims was — when all was said and done — a religious criterion. I knew that its state had, from the beginning, lied about the Palestinians who were "non-Jewish people" nationals of Palestine. I knew that Zionism deceived American Jews and intimidated Americans generally, including even Foreign Service officers, among whom over the years I had acquired close and cherished friends.

"When such a national ideology became married to a religion," I told the Senator, "I feared for the integrity of the religion; and, for many of the same reasons, I feared the corrosion of American democratic values if the United States continued its support of this anti-democratic nationality."

When I finished my "confessional," Hatfield said to me, "It is your third reason which interests me most." We talked at that level for a few more minutes and I took my leave.

In the several years since that visit with Senator Hatfield, I have had no reason to add to, or subtract from, my introspective effort in his office. The first of the reasons cannot, in any event, be altered. And since 1967, my more reasoned and personal motivations in the second and third categories I mentioned to him have been vividly confirmed by events. Through the long years from the 1940's until 1973 I waited — not always quietly or patiently — for my rabbinical colleagues to include the Palestinian "refugees" in their frequent declamations of the universality of truth and justice. I chafed, very often, at the exception for the State of Israel they made in their moral codifications. I watched, sometimes bemusedly, as they paraded their anti-war sentiments in the context of Vietnam but found all the usual pretexts to justify Israeli militarism. I felt a strange combination of sadness and near-amusement as I witnessed their participation in the civil rights battles in the United States while they were silent — and perhaps ignorant, as well — about the near-apartheid practised by the Zionist infrastructure in the Zionist state. And I have watched with a mixture of irony and resentment while, since 1967, American politicians have shilly-shallied with "the Middle East," using every trick of the trade to persuade Americans the decisions made in the past quarter of a century redounded to the best interests of the United States.

But I am outrunning history. Thoughts flash back and forth almost instantaneously over these thirty years of involvement. The process must be slowed down to focus on some of the experiences and personalities which time has blended into these later realizations.

Zionist Over-Kill

It is perhaps not untypical that it was a Zionist who catapulted my "born-to-the-manner" anti-Zionism into an institutionalized effort. I had left Pontiac, Michigan in 1936 to become the rabbi at a somewhat larger and older congregation in Flint. During my years in Pontiac, Zionism and Palestine had not been much of a problem. In 1938 and 1939 however, Zionist exploitation of the genuine tragedy which had overtaken Europe's Jews began on an all-out basis. There were "secret" fund-raising efforts. Glamorized Zionist fund-raisers barnstormed local Jews with cloak-and-dagger tales of spiriting Jews out of Europe and of purchasing arms for the Zionists in Palestine. The emphasis of Zionist propaganda in those years was on the Zionist contribution to the war against Hitler — not fighting Arabs. In fact, in those days — in the United States (or at least in the hinterland) — any conflict between the Arabs of Palestine and the Jews of that country was muted. As I look back now I am astonished at the lack of information about the great Palestinian resistance of 1936-39. There was simply *no* Arab viewpoint circulating in the United States. The 1939 White Paper was represented as an act hostile to Jews in "their hour of need." Zionist agitation was designed to persuade Americans that "responsible" Arabs and responsible Zionists were allied in efforts to throw off British oppression. The idea was advanced that if this were done, "Palestine" would take its place in the coalition against Germany. Except for the Zionist version, there was little knowledge of the internal situation in Palestine. Buoyed by the general emotionalism of supporting anything contributing to the defeat of Hitler, it was difficult to resist the Zionist propaganda strategy of identifying their interests with those concerns agitating so much of the world. But I did challenge them. As I look back the challenge was conceived and articulated in fairly simplistic terms. It was a kind of empirical challenge — more moralistic and philosophical than pragmatic or political.

But — to my surprise — it attracted attention throughout southeastern Michigan, including my old congregation in Pontiac. A Zionist had succeeded me there and through some peculiar chemistry of his own he resented the echo of my opinions which sometimes reached him through friends I retained in the nearby community.

And although it had been two or three years since I had left Pontiac, this man began to attack me in the congregation I had formerly served. I think it was at this time that I first heard the *ad hominem* arguments which became so typical of Zionist attacks on anti-Zionists as, with the passing years, the debate grew more vigorous. I was accused of lacking compassion, of abandoning Judaism, of failure to appreciate the realities and I was endlessly reminded of the undemonstrated Brandeis dogma that to be a good American it was necessary to be a good Zionist.

Finally, my friends in Pontiac had enough. They asked me if I would debate their "new" rabbi if he would agree. I consented and so did he. For some reason he insisted the confrontation be in Flint, rather than Pontiac.

It is probably immodest to report, but the consensus was that I demolished him. I recall the genial President of the congregation I was serving in Flint telling me afterward, "You were absolutely unmerciful."

Again, looking back, if indeed the outcome was all that one-sided, it was more a demonstration of the general lack of information about the entire problem than any particularly brilliant insights on my part. That post facto judgement is supported by the title I, personally, selected for the pamphlet which some of my admirers insisted be published containing my statement at the debate. I called it "Why I am a *Non*-Zionist." It would be another five years or more before I came to abhor that term — or completely understood it as the neutralizing invention of the Zionists themselves.

But — for the moment — the victory was complete. Some of my friends in Flint suggested that we organize a "non-Zionist Committee." We would publish the debate pamphlet, distribute it to the limits of our resources and remain in existence as an *ad hoc* group which, as occasion required, would counter Zionist propaganda in the local press. And so it was that perhaps the first, grass-roots "non-Zionist" organization came into existence in 1942. This occasioned publication of another pamphlet which we — immodestly — called "The Flint Plan." In it we endeavored a kind of handbook of how to counter Zionist campaigns.

Both the debate pamphlet and the Flint Plan pamphlet were oriented to the defence of Reform Jews who rejected the expanding

orchestration of the Zionist solution to "the Jewish problem." Little in either of these early efforts had much direct relevance to world, or American geo-politics and even less to concern with the "rights" of Arabs. These defects (from where I see the problem now) were accurate reflections of the depth of our knowledge at the time. Then — as now — and for most of the years between, the United States government kept as deep, dark secrets whatever reservations the middle echelons of the Department of State had about supporting Zionist aspirations; and if there were any Arabs attempting to inform Americans, whatever they were doing was making no impact upon the middle America where I was then living. This aspect of the problem has begun to improve only in very recent — too recent — years and even today is one of the weakest fronts in the whole campaign for a just and equitable settlement. Americans cannot be expected to elect for justice as long as the party most gravely injured by history neglects to inform Americans — in a program adequately tailored to this big and complicated country — exactly what grievances cry for justice.

But that too is a judgement predicated upon years of experience. Its slightly negative implications are distilled out of almost as many years of pleading with the Arabs to mount just such an adequate program. Back in 1942, many enthusiastic endorsements of the two pamphlets reached our Flint "non-Zionist" Committee and the way to defeat Zionism seemed as simple to most of us as it may still seem to any Arabs who are still under the illusion that simple truth has some kind of a corporeal dynamism of its own.

Rabbinic Over-Kill

At about the time we were organizing and publishing in Flint, another event of some significance was taking place on a somewhat larger stage of history. The Central Conference of American Rabbis is the professional association for the Reform Jewish rabbinate. Consistent with the theology of Reform Judaism, the CCAR, as it is known, had been the principal architect of anti-Zionist Judaism in the United States. Slowly, over the years and to the profound disquiet of many of us, men like Abba Hillel Silver had led the Zionists in the organization first to neutralize the anti-Zionism and then to replace it

with a Zionist orientation. Because the Conference was essentially a religious body, the Zionism was thinly disguised with religious semantics and symbolisms — but it was there.

In 1942 the Silver/Zionist forces apparently believed they had played cat-and-mouse long enough. A Cincinnati rabbi, James G. Heller, was President of the Conference. He was a kind of Brandeis Zionist — one of those who merchandized the movement as devoid of "Jewish" nationalism and as little more than a refugee, cultural development. Later in my own career, I remember debating Jimmy Heller in New York and he kept repeating, over and over, that I was attacking straw men because "the Zionists" did not really want a state in Palestine. Although he was a brilliant and accomplished man, he may even have believed it. Or, at least, he may have wanted to believe it so much it was the same thing. The image of a non-nationalistic, non-state Zionism had been cultivated for years among American Jews and, in no small part, it accounted for the passivity with which so many American Jews accepted the Zionist movement.

On the last day of the 1942 convention of the CCAR Heller entertained a motion in support of the establishment of a "Jewish" army. A large number of the conference members had already departed. There had been no advance advice that the controversial question would be proposed. The anti-or non-Zionist forces were caught completely off guard. Accusations of a "rump" session and of concealment were made. Although a legal quorum was present only a minority of the membership remained and a "surprisingly" high percentage of this minority were Zionists.

Despite the rising visibility of the tragedy in a Europe increasingly capitulating to Hitler and despite the victories in the CCAR for "Zionism" iced over with "culture," "religion" and "humanitarianism," the Zionist campaign managers were apparently anything but confident of their strength. It was one thing to penetrate the Reform prayer-book with the Psalmist's whimsy over the "Zion" of the Prophets. It was also one thing to urge a more liberal immigration policy for Palestine to accommodate any of Europe's Jews who might escape the spreading tentacles of Hitlerism. But it was an entirely different matter for the CCAR, the historic fortress of anti-Zionist Judaism, to endorse so blatant a symbol of "Jewish" nationalism as a "Jewish" army fighting under a "Jewish" flag.

Once again — as had my successor in Pontiac, Michigan — the Zionists overplayed their hand. The adoption of the "army" resolution generated a storm. The climax of the resultant polemics came when Lewis L. Straus of New York's Temple Emanuel — often called "the cathedral synagogue" of American Reform Judaism because its membership included some of the most powerful and prestigious Jews of the country — persuaded Dr. Samuel Goldenson, the temple's senior Rabbi, to act. Goldenson was one of Reform Judaism's elder statesmen. Left to his own character, he was slow, deliberate, a peace-maker rather than a fighter, but a man of broad vision and, on principles firmly rooted in a genuine universalism, he was committed to opposition to Zionism. Prodded by Straus, Goldenson consulted with two colleagues in Philadelphia, Dr. William Fineshriber and Dr. Louis Wolsey. Fineshriber was a sophisticated tactician and Wolsey a no-holds-barred fighter. Supported by Straus, Temple Emanuel and Goldenson, a meeting of "non-Zionist" members of the CCAR was called — and convened — in Atlantic City.

I was a disciple of Wolsey and I had kept him informed of our "boondock" anti-Zionist group in Flint. But I was not inclined to attend the protest sessions in Atlantic City because I had, by this time, been surfeited with the philosophical and theological debates about "universalism" and "Zionism" and I anticipated only more of the same. Wolsey however insisted that I come and present — as a formal agenda item — some account of our "practical" anti-Zionism in Flint.

My paper emphasized that effective action required funds beyond the capacity of "men of God" to provide and I suggested a logical next step required the involvement of "practical and prestigious laymen" joined in a formal committee with a public address. This, in a sense, was how the American Council for Judaism was born.

Chapter II

LETTING PEOPLE KNOW

In organizing the Council, it was necessary to get wide and effective support for it. Lessing Rosenwald was a member of Rabbi William Fineshriber's congregation in Philadelphia. Some years earlier, Rosenwald and Rabbi Morris Lazaron had fought against merging the United Palestine Appeal (the central Zionist fund-raising effort in the United States) with the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee. The "Joint" was dominated by "non-Zionists." Its beneficences ran to practically every country where there were Jews in need. In an over-simplified formulation its philosophy was to provide assistance to Jews in the countries in which they lived, hoping to facilitate their eventual integration into those societies. The United Palestine Appeal restricted its beneficences to Palestine and to Zionist propaganda designed to condition contributors to support building "the national home."

Of the two major funds, the JDC had consistently enlisted the greater support — proof again that on its own, Zionism had no firm hold on the grass-roots of American Jews. Never at a loss for maneuver — or dissembling — however, the Zionist managers persuaded the "big givers" that a "united campaign" would be more efficient than the competing, double campaigns. Ideology was deliberately subordinated to "expediency" and, after a long series of negotiations and several "trial marriages" and separations, the Zionists succeeded again in forcing the "philanthropists" to confront the issue of a joint campaign. Rosenwald and Lazaron were leaders of the opposition and the battle established a kind of friendship. But they lost and the United Jewish Appeal was established.

Lazaron was leading rabbi in Baltimore, Maryland. In his congregation was a testy, independent septuagenarian by the name of Aaron Strauss, also an extremely wealthy man. Lazaron was among the first and most enthusiastic supporters of the idea I had advanced in Atlantic City for a national anti-Zionist organization which would include prominent laymen who would also have the means to finance a program of opposition to Zionism. Lazaron obtained the support of "Uncle Aaron" Strauss, as he was called, and with this beginning, Fineshriber arranged for a delegation to visit Lessing Rosenwald to see if he could be persuaded not only to lend financial support but also to accept the Presidency of the proposed group. Fineshriber, Rabbi Irving F. Reichert of San Francisco and I comprised the delegation.

Rosenwald quickly and graciously agreed to the need for such an organization and pledged his financial support. But he expressed reservations about assuming the leadership. He had experienced Zionist reprisals as a result of his efforts to prevent the merger of the United Palestine Appeal and the Joint Distribution Committee. Of those who sat in the library of his home in Jenkintown, Pennsylvania that night, he probably realized most clearly just how difficult the job would be. He was, in the first place, concerned about his family. Zionists had already demonstrated to him that they had no regard for the Biblical injunction not to visit the "sins" of the father upon the children. Lessing already had established himself as a discriminating and intelligent philanthropist and patron of the arts. But the Rosenwald tradition did not encourage coasting on the family's history or reputation. And the senior did not want to undertake anything which might prove to be an obstacle in the way of his children or grandchildren enjoying as many options and opportunities as possible. A family conference, eventually, produced unanimous support for Lessing to accept the leadership of the still unnamed, projected organization.

One other stipulation made by Rosenwald is of more than just personal importance and belongs in this memoir. After all the rest of Rosenwald's reservations had been resolved he said he wanted to check out, with responsible authorities in Washington, to see what would be the attitude of the United States government to such a Jewish anti-Zionist organization. Lazaron knew Sumner Welles, who was then an Under-Secretary of State. An appointment was

made and Lazaron and Rosenwald explored the idea with Welles. The reaction was affirmative — even enthusiastic. Zionist pressures on the Congress and the White House were already substantial and were consistently reinforced by an ubiquitous propaganda campaign reaching just about every point of political leverage in the country. The Department of State was eager to have someone — or something — "hack it" in the country, since this was a job it could not do for itself. Some years later Welles' enthusiasm for the anti-Zionist organization became suspect. After retirement from government service he wrote a book of memoirs in which he glowingly approved Zionism and the state it had, by then, established in the Middle East. The publication of this book, I think, was among my earliest inoculations with the very healthy cynicism with which I have evaluated practically all politically appointed government officials ever since. They continue to provide striking contrasts to the country's Middle East career diplomats and foreign service officers, many of whom I have known and most of whom — when they spoke their minds — found themselves suddenly posted to South Africa, or Togo, or Guatemala. But this again is 20/20 hindsight vision.

With Welles' encouragement, Rosenwald agreed to serve as President of the contemplated organization. Probably I should not have been surprised — but I was — when I was asked to serve as the Executive Director. One — now amusing — corollary memory of this decision was that all of us involved in the organizing thought the job (and the organization) would be temporary. We were so persuaded of the fundamental anti-Zionism of American Jews generally that our strategy was predicated upon the belief that what we were doing was no more than a short-term oppositional effort. It was an *ad hoc* need, we thought, because the Zionist bulldozer was stampeding American Jews who, emotionalized by the Hitler savageries, had temporarily taken leave of their senses. We were confident that once the war was ended and the problems of reconstruction and normalization began, American Jews would revert to their traditional avoidance of (if not open opposition to) Zionism and all of us could also return to our normal pursuits. Accordingly, I asked for a "leave of absence" from my pulpit. It was granted and I moved to Philadelphia to establish an office in

Rosenwald's neighborhood and to begin putting together the organization.

It took us long weeks of the usual haggling over language to write a platform; and some more time while I took off on a trip which criss-crossed the country to visit on an individual basis with prominent American Jews. A list had been compiled from friends and acquaintances of the little group which had been meeting regularly in Philadelphia to put together the mechanics as well as to formulate the philosophical and political basis of the organization, which by now had been named the American Council for Judaism.

There were three essential ideas in that original declaration. First, we declared, Judaism was a religious — not a national or racial — identification. Second — all those thirty years ago — we advocated the creation in Palestine of a democratic political structure in which neither religious faith nor ethnic derivation would be a deterrent to full participation in the national polity. Third, we expressed the hope that the post-war world would permit the repatriation and normalization of the lives of Europe's Jews in the countries in which before Hitler they had held citizenship; or, where such restorations might not be possible — or desirable — we supported the temporary liberalization of the 1939 White Paper immigration restrictions for Palestine on a *humanitarian* basis. This — perhaps too subtle — difference with Zionism's demands for "free immigration of Jews" was perhaps naive in the context of Zionism's long exploitation of humanitarian considerations. On the other hand, it was sophisticated enough to attract the attention of responsible Arabs and of genuinely knowledgeable people in the Department of State and the United States Foreign Service.

"Innocence Abroad"

Two interviews during my cross-country recruiting trip stand out, probably because each in its way typified problems with which I was to live for the next quarter of a century, although at the time I saw them in no such perspective.

"The New York Times"

The first was with Arthur Hays Sulzberger, President and Publisher of *The New York Times*. The *Times*' editorial position in those days was rather consistently anti-Zionist. Its editorials were a favorite target of the big-wheel Zionists, particularly Abba Hillel Silver. We therefore hoped for good news coverage from the *Times* and also for editorial support. We even hoped Sulzberger would personally affiliate with the Council.

Lessing Rosenwald made the appointment for me and taking our draft declaration of principles I went to New York and was received courteously. Sulzberger carefully read the draft statement. He made one substantive suggestion which was eventually incorporated. Quite correctly he reminded us that in the Central and Eastern European countries substantial numbers of Jews were considered to be ethnic — rather than purely religious — minorities. Among those Jews there were many who, in the old Social Democratic traditions, repudiated Zionism and had long engaged in the political struggles to liberalize the societies in which they lived, believing in this way they could realize their aspirations to be accepted as full and equal citizens. We should not, Sulzberger suggested, rule out this category from the anti-Zionist Jews of the world by insisting upon a rigid and dogmatic creedal or religious definition of Jewish identity.

I could not, of course, commit my associates, but I conceded the validity of Sulzberger's point and promised to pass on the recommendation together with my own endorsement. I then asked him if we made this change whether he — and the family quite apart from the institution of the *Times* — would publicly associate with the effort. As I recall he made no definite commitment. But he did say he thought such support might be possible. He reminded me that his father-in-law, Adolph Ochs, had been an anti-Zionist all of his life and the patriarch's character and thinking continued to influence the family and the management of the *Times*.

I was pleased with the interview. My associates readily saw the validity of Sulzberger's recommended change in the statement of principles and the idea was incorporated. Rosenwald then contacted Sulzberger to inquire if "the family" had reached a decision about personal and public support. To our disappointment Sulzberger

replied that as publishers of the *Times* the family thought it would not be wise to be so closely associated with a partisan view in such a controversial issue. But the paper, we were assured, would give fair and even sympathetic coverage to our views.

Sulzberger was the first — or certainly at the time the most important — of legion numbers of Jews who, in principle, rejected Zionism but who withheld their help on grounds they considered prudent and politically expedient. One result of this prevalent practice was that in the entire quarter of a century of my career with the Council we never really knew — or at least could not prove — how many really distinguished and influential Jews shared our anti-Zionist position. As the years passed — aided by slick Zionist propaganda — the ability of these people to distinguish between expediency and principle steadily atrophied.

Another experience — somewhat more definitive than the Sulzberger episode — involved one of the most prominent private bankers in Wall Street, a scion of the old and established "Our Crowd" Jewish families. I had gone to enlist his support. "There will never be a 'Jewish State'," he said to me with a certain hauteur. "Why then," I asked, "not join the effort to mitigate the damage being done to the status of Jews and to the credentials of Judaism by the attempt to create such a state?" The argument was futile. The "old" families were so sure of their influence and so out of touch with the emotionalized "masses" and, most of all, so naive about the slickness and pervasiveness of Zionist propaganda that they were incapable of even thinking the "unthinkable." This man finally said to me, "If there is ever a 'Jewish State' in the sense you are presenting it to me, I will be the first to join with you and will make a generous contribution to help make it clear such a state has nothing to do with us."

Sometime after 1949 I reminded him of his offer. By then his position had changed. He was not ready to support our work, he said, because he saw no impairment of the status of American Jews following from the establishment of Israel; and, anyway, the government of the United States had endorsed the Zionist action. To this day, this man insists he is opposed to Zionism, although — he also insists — he "must support Israel."

Keep Your Money!

The second of my memorable recruitment-interviews took place in Dallas, Texas. One of Dallas' leading bankers was Mr. Fred F. Florence. At Mr. Rosenwald's request Fred arranged a luncheon for me on the occasion of that first trip to Texas' greatest claim (at the time, anyhow) to cosmopolitanism. It was an assemblage of the kind we who had started the Council had dreamed. Real authority and wealth from among Dallas' Jews were present. I made my presentation and it was well received by this hand-picked group.

When I had finished and answered questions about program and ideology, Mr. Florence said, "And now, with the agreement you see in this room, tell us how much money you want."

Fund-raising had not been the principal purpose of that first trip. The "back-easterners," who had been the small, working group had, on their own, provided a sum of about $40,000, as I recall. And my trip was simply to create a so-called "National Council" for the American Council for Judaism. Actually also, those of us who had conceived the organization and done the spade-work had no very clear idea of how extensive a program we could — or would need to — mount, and therefore no very clear idea of what kind of a budget would be required.

I think I made Jewish organizational history in Dallas therefore when, to Fred Florence's direct question about money, I replied, "Actually, we do not need any. What we want now is your public endorsement." Mr. Florence laughed aloud — as did some of the others present — and Fred said, "If you had not said anything else but that all of this noon you would probably have the support of almost everyone in this room." As it turned out, some generous funds were subscribed along with the endorsement of very helpful and prestigious people. Through the gruelling years of controversy Dallas remained one of the strongholds of anti-Zionism. But my cavalier dismissal of the money question became one of the legendary jokes in the Council; and although I never regretted speaking the truth about our finances at the time, there were long years, as our responsibilities grew and we developed a comprehensive program, when I wished I could have again said to some prospective supporter, "We do not need any funds." The largest budget the Council ever

put together, as I recall, was in the neighborhood of $450,000. By the time this figure was attainable we could have — responsibly and intelligently — used ten times the amount. Not long after the organization was completed — and we "went public" — the Zionists announced the formation of a special committee, budgeted at $500,000, to oppose the Council. Rabbi Arthur Lelyveld was its chairman.

The Dallas experience illustrated again something of the *naiveté* with which many of us began the work. It was of a piece with the "leave of absence" for which I asked my Flint congregation. The "leave of absence" has now extended to more than thirty years; and anti-Zionist public information work in the United States still operates on starvation budgets. No one involved now would repeat my innocent dismissal of finances in Dallas.

Full Disclosure Policy

So was established the first, clearly labelled Jewish anti-Zionist organization. Most of the rest of 1943 was devoted to consolidating the group and adding as many members as possible to the originating "official family." The early response looked very much more promising than subsequent events were to sustain. In a sense we had caught the Zionist machine off guard. Without the pressures and the torrent of abuse and propaganda which later developed, those first months probably reflected the uninhibited reactions of the large segment of American Jews who rejected Zionism. The Council's greatest strength came from the south and the west. But in official Zionist power-centers along the eastern seaboard, apprehension over the Council's potential was clearly evident.

For our part we were — with hindsight — unbelievably naive. The Executive Committee, for example, decided to publish, in a little newsletter we had started, the name of every new member. The motivation was idealistic to the point of being unreal. Practically all those participating in the policy-making of the new organization were so revolted at the deception and cynicism with which the Zionist machine operated that they deliberately elected to bend over backward in practising disclosure and candor. In that context the policy did have a certain attraction. But the price often paid by

individuals for joining the Council was frequently prohibitive. The savagery of personal attacks, the economic and social pressures exercised, severely curtailed the numbers of those willing to commit themselves. In the long pull this policy of publicly identifying Council supporters may have provided the stamina of the organization. For as the controversy intensified the "survival of the fittest" had already been operating for years. My personal belief has always been that the most remarkable thing about the Council was not its relatively small membership; but rather the fact it survived at all. No one who did not live through that period can really appreciate the experience. Many more than a few times I would talk privately to some prominent Jew we wanted very much to enlist only to have him (or her) say, "What you are doing is a great and necessary job, but I cannot afford to be identified with you." Occasionally "anonymous" contributions would be offered as an earnest of the expressed sympathy. There were, however, some notable exceptions.

Stanley (Neiman) Marcus

In the process of structuring the Council we created a National Advisory Board. It was — and was known as — a window-dressing auxiliary. The Executive Committee, which met regularly throughout the year, set policy. The National Advisory Board met once a year, at the Annual Conferences. Its members were encouraged to contribute any ideas for better operation of the organization and to do so in a smaller and less formal meeting than a session of the entire membership. But essentially the NAB, as we called it, was a device to put names on a letterhead, both to give some recognition to the listed individuals and, at the same time, to indicate that Council membership was fairly broad-based geographically. We tried to list some prominent names in each state.

After the Council had been in operation a couple of years, one of its most intrepid reliables, I. Edward Tonkin, persuaded Stanley Marcus — of the famous Neiman-Marcus store Marcuses — to agree to join the NAB. Stanley had supported the Council from the beginning and had been among those at the famous Fred Florence meeting. His agreement to "go public," however, was a real coup. In those days, some 25 years ago, Neiman-Marcus probably ranked next

only to the Alamo as a symbol of Texas — and there would have been those (particularly among the female gender) who would have reversed the order of their reverence. Stanley was the "head" of the store and to him the store was nothing less than a work of art. He worked long and hard and imaginatively, putting together a complex of magnificent details, each conceived and executed with the care of a sculptor chiseling perfection on granite by delicately chipping out one perfect piece after another.

I had never known Stanley Marcus very well. Often when I was in Dallas he would be flying somewhere around the world finding another of the unique merchandise objects which made Neiman-Marcus a shoppers' Mecca throughout the entire southwest of the United States. But on one of my visits, after he had agreed to NAB membership, he was in town. I thought it only courteous that I try to see him and thank him for his agreement to serve the Council more publicly and, if he wished, to fill him in on some activities with which he might not be familiar.

He was more than courteous responding to my phone call and readily agreed to meet me. I had been in the store often. In fact, I would not dare go to Dallas — if Ruth were not along to ogle the store herself — without bringing back something wrapped in one of the distinctive Neiman-Marcus packages. But when I entered Stanley's office, after we had exchanged the conventional greetings, he asked if I would like him to give me a personally conducted tour through the store. That was as natural to him as a gardener asking if a visitor would not like to see his roses; or, as an author, asking if someone had read his most recent creation. I happily consented and the tour provided an opportunity to acquire an ease and a sense of comfort for the rest of my visit.

When we returned to Stanley's office I expressed to him our appreciation for his public identification with our work. I told him of the frequency with which others who had to deal with "the public" had patted me on the back, encouraged me, sometimes even contributed anonymously, but begged off public identification. It was, I said, one of the frustrating difficulties of our work. We could enlist many more than we had if more of those who were considered "leaders" in the various communities would only act publicly on their principles. But so many of these very "leaders" had told us,

"Build up a larger public following so our business, or professional lives, will not be jeopardized by the reprisals everyone knows are ruthlessly employed by local Zionist minions."

Stanley Marcus smiled at my explanation and said, "Oh, they tried it with me too, after Eddie talked me into this National Advisory Board membership. One day my credit manager called me and said, 'Mr. Marcus, something is happening that I think you ought to know about. Over the past few days I have had perhaps fifteen or twenty telephone calls during which the caller said, "I did not know Mr. Marcus belonged to that awful Council for Judaism. Unless he resigns from it I will have to close my account."'

"So," Stanley continued, "I asked the credit manager what he had replied and he told me, 'I simply said that I knew nothing about this Council. This was your (Mr. Marcus') personal business, but I would inform you of the phone call. I would not have bothered you about this at all, but there have now been enough such calls to suggest a pattern and I think I had better have some direction from you about how to handle the situation if the pattern continues.'

"Well, I told my credit manager he had done exactly the right thing and that as long as I was in the city, he should put through any future calls of this kind directly to me.

"Sure enough, they continued and always with just about the same threat in the same language. But I had already decided what I would do even before the first call was transferred to me.

"As soon as the first, breathless recitation was over, I replied, 'Mrs. X, thank you for talking to me personally. I, personally, will now see that your account is closed.' A few of the callers stumbled and mumbled that they had not really meant so seriously what they had said and some, apparently, were just so flabbergasted they could not think of anything to say. And, as a matter of a fact, if the caller did not seem to withdraw the threat I actually did send word to the credit department to close the account.

"It was all very amusing," Marcus continued. "After a dozen or so calls the campaign was obviously aborted. The calls ceased; and of those whom I had accommodated by closing their accounts, within several weeks practically all of them were re-opening them."

I have always been grateful to Stanley Marcus, both for the act itself and for telling me about it. Neiman-Marcus, of course, occupied an

enviable position in those days. It served as *haute couturière* for about everyone who was anybody in the burgeoning economy of Texas. There were few males either living in Dallas or visiting there who were liberated enough to come home without something from the famous store. Many, in other words, needed Neiman-Marcus as much as or more than Neiman-Marcus needed them. But that was not the whole story. The store was an institution of intense pride to Stanley and the rest of the family. Its growth and progress were major interests in their lives. They could easily have done what others in no less comfortable circumstances had done and decided "enough was not really enough." Stanley Marcus, in addition to standing for his own integrity, had also demonstrated the only answer to this kind of blackmail. The hit men of the Zionist mafia are not really so tough nor so sure of their position nor so committed to their "convictions." But unfortunately there were not enough individuals in American society who followed Stanley Marcus' prescription for dealing with them. And the failure of nerve to test the blackmail threats is still entirely too prevalent, particularly in that very leadership which bids for election to positions of national decision-making every two, four or six years.

Washington Merry-Go-Round

There was one place in the country where Council developments were watched with an interest little less than that exhibited by the Zionists. The middle level of the Department of State was more than cordial. Loy W. Henderson, at the time, was Director of Near Eastern and South Asian Affairs and was one of the country's most distinguished career diplomats with a profound knowledge of the Middle East. I counted my first talk with him a great privilege. He had known of the Council while serving in Baghdad and had, in fact, reported to Washington official Iraqi interest when the first public announcement of the Council appeared.

When I met him he was extremely gracious — and intensely interested. We discussed Council prospects and programs and he, in turn, left me with no misunderstandings of his estimates of future American relations with the Arab world if the politicians and the White House continued their pandering to Zionist pressures. I have

been indebted to him for all of my career for his detailed, closely reasoned, soberly articulated lecture which — sadly for the United States — has turned out to be prophetic.

Henderson was under savage attack from the Zionists. His family had been threatened. He was labelled an "anti-Semite." Pressures were relentless to have the political machine remove him from his central position in the Department and to play with him the historic game of musical chairs in which middle level officers who loyally performed the service of recommending Middle East policies which were consistent with the nation's interests were transferred to theatres of diplomatic activity where the Middle East was not an issue.

It was perhaps out of this deep, personal anguish that as we concluded this first meeting he wistfully said to me, "I hope you and your associates will persevere. And my reason for wishing this is perhaps less related to what I consider American interests in the Middle East than what I fear I see on the domestic scene. The United States is a great power. Somehow it will surmount even its most foolish policy errors in the Middle East. But in the process there is great danger of creating divisiveness and anti-Semitism among our own people. And if this danger materializes to a serious extent, we have seen in Germany and in Europe that the ability of a nation to survive the consequences is in serious question."

This "prophecy," like Henderson's projection of the jeopardy to American interests in the Arab world, now shows occasional, disquieting signs of fulfilment. In the winter months of 1973/74, during the embargo on oil, there were worrisome indications of a polarization of American opinion between "Jews" and "oil." The first Kissinger "shuttle," leading to the "suspension" of the embargo, dissipated those early warnings. But the "energy" problem is still far from resolved. Senators like Henry Jackson and Jacob Javits are still encouraging Americans to believe it can be resolved without coming to some understanding about Palestine with the Arabs. Whatever Kissinger's and Ford's ultimate intentions were, they warned of the danger of another embargo. But the Zionists — and their little Lord Echoes in the Senate — appear oblivious. Meanwhile, they fail to develop themselves any coherent program for meeting the country's energy needs. They are still playing the game

against which Loy Henderson warned three decades ago. They are still betting they can obtain Arab oil at reasonable prices and, at the same time, sponge up Zionist political and financial support. But over the years the odds against playing both sides of this street have lengthened. The change has produced warning signals that Henderson's "prophecy" about the *domestic* repercussions of a politically expedient Middle East posture may come uncomfortably close to fulfilment.

By 1944 we anti-Zionists were a vocal presence at most of the forums where the political future of Palestine was discussed. We testified at "Hearings" held by the House Committee on Foreign Affairs. The "Hearings" were inspired by a Zionist resolution requesting American support for an effort to ease the immigration restrictions imposed by the 1939 British White Paper. We supported the appeal on purely humanitarian grounds, but argued vigorously against the Zionist addendum urging endorsement of a "Jewish Commonwealth" which was the real purpose of the Joint Resolution for which the "Hearings" were held. It was a stormy session. The House Committee was fairly evenly divided and the Zionist witnesses were as nervous as the proverbial cats. After our witnesses had finished their testimony and Mr. Rosenwald and I were standing at the elevator in the House Office building waiting to leave, Emanuel Celler, a Congressman from New York and a committed Zionist came by. "They ought to take you b....s out and shoot you," he said.

In 1945 a San Francisco attorney, by the name of Philip Ehrlich, phoned and asked us to do what we could to have Bartley Crum appointed to the Anglo-American Committee of Inquiry which had just been announced by Truman and Attlee. Ehrlich was a member of the Council and claimed a long relationship with Crum. Ehrlich assured us Crum was an anti-Zionist. Wisely, Mr. Rosenwald said he wanted to talk to Crum before promising any help with the appointment.

Crum had no record on the Palestine problem and in the course of the conversation with Rosenwald seemed to give all the right answers. Whether or not it was decisive may never be known, but Mr. Rosenwald did support Crum's subsequent appointment. It was to prove another Sumner Welles experience. No sooner had the appointment been made than Mr. Crum was transubstantiated into a

passionate Zionist. Later, when we testified before the Committee of Inquiry at the hearings in Washington he was one of the most abusive and insolent interrogators of our witnesses.

Our political innocence was fast tarnishing. There were few political and propaganda tactics to which we had not been subjected in the two years of our experience. It became clear that we were operating with a set of values which nowhere met or matched those of our opponents. Our people were not involved in the rough and tumble of politics at their worst and most venal. The Zionist machine was. We were, for the most part, talking the ideals of American democracy and the ethics and morality of Judaism as most of us had learned them. The Zionists were talking Middle Europe ethnic "democracy" but making the political deals which helped persuade the politicians they could paper over the inconsistencies between the two societal conceptions.

The most frustrating part of those years was that we were on the *winning* side of so many of the *paper* agreements of recommendations produced by the numerous study groups assigned to study the problem of Palestine. The 1944 Joint Congressional Resolution was finally "tabled" when the Secretary of State advised that it would jeopardize the war effort. Indirectly the Secretary's caveat suggested we had been correct in arguing the Zionist resolution was not in the best interests of the United States. The Anglo-American Committee finally submitted ten recommendations accompanied by long, explanatory texts. Reflecting the world's concern for those who had survived Hitler, the essential points urged the admission into Palestine of 100,000 Jewish immigrants, on a purely humanitarian basis. But that concession was balanced by the equally clear recommendation that Palestine's political future should not be predetermined by some formula rigged to make the country, arbitrarily, either Jewish or Arab. In other words, once the humanitarian contribution was made the people of the country were to be assisted to become a democratic state in which there would be no built-in political advantages for either "national" group. This had been essentially our recommendation. We supported the Report — insisting it must be implemented as a whole.

But always, as these paper victories encouraged us, the Zionist mechanism went diligently to work to eviscerate those proposals.

They persuaded Truman, for example, to endorse the recommendation for admitting 100,000 Jews to Palestine while he ignored completely the equally (even more fundamentally) important recommendation which ultimately would lead to a democratic Palestine. To the American people generally, if they were interested at all, it was all one and the same. They had absolutely no appreciation of the issues involved; and the Arabs — at that time — were not even dimly aware of the need to present their case to the American people.

At the United Nations

Eventually the Palestine problem came to the United Nations. With probably too much respect for the rules-of-the game proprieties, we operated — as Americans — only through our own delegation at the UN. We submitted a memorandum, again distinguishing between humanitarian considerations for the Jewish "Displaced Persons," on the one hand, and our by now somewhat recognized anti-Zionist formulation for an eventual democratic political structure for Palestine, on the other hand. At one point Warren Austin, the Chief of the United States Mission, arranged for me to meet with Andrew Cordier and some of his staff at Lake Success. We were, I thought, moving up in the world of politics. The meeting went well. After some good talk lasting perhaps a half hour, Mr. Cordier asked if I would like to have Trygve Lie join the meeting. The Secretary-General did come. He was cold — even hostile — and my up-beat reactions to the meeting of a few moments earlier were rather suddenly spiralling downward.

I do not now recall that Mr. Lie said anything significant and as I look back now from the perspective of greater experience and hindsight it is possible his attitude was dictated more by what he considered the proprieties of his office than by any hostility to our anti-Zionist views. On the other hand, with the same hindsight, we now know the American delegation to the UN was divided. Austin, we had reason to believe, was General Marshall's man and Marshall, as Secretary of State, had been cordial and sympathetic. But the day-to-day US politicking on the Palestine question was left to subordinates like General Hildring and Hershel Johnson; and, although we did not know it at the time, these men were receiving

instructions from the White House. Those instructions were predicated essentially on domestic politics. Faceless and shadowy "political advisers" like David Niles and Clark Clifford were calling the shots and again — but only with hindsight — we know that Truman was not always aware of what was being done. Probably Trygve Lie was therefore more susceptible to this Zionist lobby in the US delegation than to Warren Austin. In later years, the first Secretary-General found — as did many others — that he had a good thing going as a Zionist camp follower.

Judah Magnes

During this period I first met Judah Magnes, personally. He and his family were staying at the Madison Hotel in New York. The British had persuaded him to leave Palestine, fearing for his safety at the hands of the Zionists; and Mr. Rosenwald was one of a group who helped finance the trip and living expenses of the family in New York. Magnes had been indefatigable in his efforts at the UN to defeat partition. He was very pessimistic when I saw him. He felt partition was a foregone conclusion and was convinced the division of the country would lead to tragedy. Perhaps because my own contacts had been more limited to the American delegation — and particularly to those in it who were arguing against partition — I was more optimistic. There can be no doubt that Magnes almost willed to die as he saw what he considered the inevitable coming to pass. We of the Council did not support his idea of binationalism for we regarded this, too, as a departure from democratic principles politically and as a loophole to sanctifying Zionist nationalism in a juridically recognized permanent format. We were on common ground however in our total and complete abhorrence of Zionism as it had come to be in Palestine; and Magnes, who called himself a Zionist, could, with greater authority than we American anti-Zionists, name the Palestinian Zionist leadership for what it was — brutal, power-mad, militaristic (he was a pacifist) practitioners of violence. His last address as Chancellor of the Hebrew University must stand as one of the monumental acts of courage and of reaffirmation of the morality and ethics of Judaism. That was the speech in which he confessed it was hard to be a Jew in Zionist Palestine.

The die, of course, was cast. Again, looking back from the vantage point of nearly 30 years, I remain appalled at how little any of us knew about what really was happening in Palestine between November of 1947 and May of 1948. Some reverberations reached those of us with special interest via the reports of the Palestine Commission; and from my contacts in Washington we knew a little of the shift contemplated in the American position, from support of partition to advocacy of a trusteeship in the second special session of the General Assembly in April 1948. But Arab input to the all-important public opinion of the grass-roots population of the United States was virtually nil. On the other hand, Zionist drum-beaters were non-stop, rhythmically sounding the alarm for the "helpless' Jews of Palestine, on the one hand, and on the other, the menacing, even murderous ferocity with which "the Arabs" would oppose partition when, as scheduled, the British would officially terminate the Mandate on May 15.

In the context of this inadequate information on the actual conditions in Palestine — or, even worse, this misinformation — the unilateral declaration of the "establishment" of the Zionist State, and the instant recognition accorded it by Truman surprised us. Our vision was still fogged by the illusion that when push came to shove the Zionist overlords would subordinate their political/territorial ambitions to concerns for human life and some respect for their own, past assurances that their primary interest was the rescue of the "remnant" of Europe's Jews.

Ironically, when the 1948-49 fighting erupted the heavy barrage of Zionist propaganda focused our concern on the civilian population of Palestine. But even more ironic was the fact that — again because of almost total absence of any Arab information — this meant "the Jews." "The Arabs," we were sure, would go through Palestine like the proverbial "knife through butter." I recall rather serious discussions with a variety of people about what could be done with the new Jewish displaced persons who would inevitably be uprooted by the expected Arab military victory! We supported the numerous efforts for cease-fires and continued to urge the "de-Zionization" of the Jewish infrastructure and the separation of that Palestinian community from the supranational Zionist apparatus. It was a still, small voice, probably of too much cerebration, not destined really to be heard for nearly three more decades.

Chapter III

COPING WITH "THE REALITY" OF ISRAEL

The establishment of Israel required a change in our organizational strategy. Of necessity, our efforts so far had been restricted to speculation and extrapolation of what might logically transpire in the event Zionism realized its political and territorial objectives. We were now challenged with the practical consequences of a Zionist sovereignty — with the impact of sovereignized Zionism — upon anti-Zionist Jews living in countries other than the Zionist state. In addition, we came much too slowly to some comprehension of the impact of Zionism on what I later came to call the "non-Jewish nationals" of Palestine — the "refugees" or, as we still later recognized them to be, "the Palestinians."

The years 1949-50 were trying years. For a very long time it seemed doubtful an anti-Zionist effort could be sustained. The Council membership tended to polarize about two mutually exclusive possibilities. One was that now, since Zionism had "its state," the movement would quietly fold its tents and steal away. Zionism was no longer necessary, was another expression of this reasoning; ergo, anti-Zionism was no longer necessary. The other speculation had it that with the power of a state behind it Zionism now was invincible. It was not that opposition was not necessary, but rather it would be futile. "We fought a good fight, but we lost," was the reaction of more than one supporter; and "Let us not be spoilsports," was another version of this attitude, as if what we had been exercised about for half-a-dozen years had been only a kind of parlor game.

The reality, as usual, was in neither extreme. Those of us in the management of the Council realized early that the Zionist apparatus

did not see itself as fulfilled — either in terms of territory acquired through partition, the "purity" of its "Jewish" state or in realization of Herzl's old dream of "capturing the Jewish communities." The Zionist managers, on the other hand, were anxious that now, with "their" state available to solve the displaced persons' problem, support of Zionism would wither. No one knew better than they — unless perhaps it was we anti-Zionists — to what a substantial extent the support they had enjoyed among both Jews and other Americans had been motivated by humanitarian concerns. Now, with the humanitarian problem soluble within the Zionist formula, demonstrations of Zionist muscle would more and more approach naked, undisguised "Jewish" nationalism. And that concept, when and if identified, was abhorrent to the majority of American Jews.

Two developments at about this time helped the formulation of anti-Zionist policies and, to some extent, helped clarify the continuing role of an organized, anti-Zionist effort.

The first was another of those predictably unpredictable demonstrations of Zionist headiness, following the 1948-49 political and military achievements. Mr. Ben-Gurion shouted loud and clear that he expected "diaspora" Jews to send their children to Israel. In a couple of sentences he did more to delineate still unrealized Zionist goals — and the manner in which the Zionist State would now attempt to meet those goals — than all of our careful, painstaking analysis of Zionist documents. It seems possible to me now that the organized anti-Zionist effort might have evaporated had it not been for the Israeli Prime Minister's candor. Dwindling interest and concern suddenly came alive; and although the anti-Zionist reaction did not carry us to any mountain peaks of success, we were able to move upward from the depths to a plateau of stabilization from which, in the following years, we were able to build, brick by brick, a more enduring structure.

The second development probably changed my professional life. To whatever extent my associates and I have had an influence on both the ideological and political thought of anti-Zionism, it played an important role in developing our strategy and the program content of our work. One day I received a letter on the stationery of the Lebanese Embassy in Washington. The letter was from Fayez A. Sayegh. He suggested that the next time I might come to

Washington he would welcome an opportunity to meet and talk.

That was the start of my first genuine, free-wheeling and sustained relationship with any Arab. During the previous six or seven years I had had a kind of hit-and-run relationship with representatives of the anaemic "Arab Office" in Washington. This rather shadowy entity was the totality of anything that even looked like a gesture of the Arabs toward a program of public information. The most active representative of this office, to my knowledge, was Dr. Khalil Totah. He was a very nice man — a Quaker as I recall. We would meet occasionally at some public forum or debate. Totah's formal presentations always seemed to me reasonable and predicated upon political equities and justice. But the Zionist claques which regularly came to such sessions (and usually sat in a bloc) had Totah's number. During question or discussion periods they would ask loaded questions or bait him with derisive comments about "Arabs." And the old boy would obligingly just go through the ceiling. He would lose control of his intellectual resources and become an almost maniacal, emotional hunted animal, screaming and striking back with anything that came to his mind or to his saddened and despairing heart. I tried, several times, to advise him to keep control. I told him he was performing exactly as the Zionist errand boys wanted him to do. He might feel better for letting off steam, but the majority of Americans in any audience who had come with the serious intention of learning were being cheated, which was exactly what the Zionists wanted to do to them. And although I — or some other American who might be on the platform — could argue American interests and I, more particularly, could demonstrate the differences between Zionism and Judaism, it was Totah's responsibility to state the Arab position and to do it responsibly and with credibility.

He always agreed I was right and promised "the next time" to remember, but to the best of my recollection he never did; and although it would be quixotic to argue that a better presentation of the Arab position would have, at this point, made any real difference, there was nevertheless less appreciation of "the Arab case" than necessary.

Fayez Sayegh was different. I enjoyed his intellectual coolness, which was not without passionate conviction and commitment to the cause of justice and political rights for the Palestinians. Fayez was

then simply a junior associate of Charles Malik of Lebanon, who, at the time, was "the White Arab" for Americans. But diplomatic rank was not important to me — nor, I think, was power-brokerage Fayez' first concern. We each had some things to learn from the other. And without ever saying so, we explored each other's thinking. The process made us life-time friends. Through Fayez, as he moved up the ladder of prominence, I met other Arabs, both in the official, diplomatic corps and among Arab intellectuals. The list still reads well — and not only as names. More importantly, on a personal basis, these contacts fundamentally changed my life — George Tomeh, Walid Khalidi, Fadil Jamali, Muhammad Farrah, Tahseen Basheer, Abdel Khalek Hassouna, the Arab students groups to which I began speaking on invitations which were, at first, recommended by Fayez.

My anti-Zionism was now being fleshed out. From some of the best minds and most responsible statesmen in the Arab world I gained my first, clear and long-lasting impressions and specific details about what Zionism was doing to human beings other than Jews.

But we were *not* a pro-Arab organization nor were our primary concerns, in the first instance, with "Arab rights." All of my new Arab friends understood this. In fact, I have been told by more than one of them and more than once that it was precisely my point-of-departure from American interests and my concern for the integrity of Judaism against the pollutions of Zionism's politics which gave me credibility in the Arab world. This Arab perception of my motivations never prevented the Zionist propagandists from charging me with "pro-Arabism," even of being paid by the Arab League. But the bedrock foundation of my anti-Zionism has, so far as I know, remained my most enduring asset with all the Arabs I know, or care to know.

Norman Thomas Comes To Call

About this time I first met Norman Thomas in something more than a passing way. Actually, we had *met* well over a decade earlier. In the 1930's I had helped organize and served as chairman of a "Lecture Series" in Pontiac, Michigan. One of the speakers we invited was the distinguished Socialist and perennial

candidate for the Presidency. Mr. Thomas was the last scheduled speaker for the series that particular year. Pontiac in those days was a one-industry town dependent upon General Motors payrolls — and General Motors was hardly booming in those depression years. So our new effort at "culture" via the "Lecture Series" was operating on a minimal budget. When Mr. Thomas finished speaking that night and had answered all the questions put to him, I had the assignment of closing the series and asking the audience to begin considering support for a new series the next year. And I concluded my "pitch" by saying something like, "And for next year we hope to have a larger budget and so be able to have better speakers than we were able to offer this year!"

Two decades or more later when Norman Thomas visited me at the Council offices and was announced by our receptionist and switchboard operator, my old foot-in-the-mouth effort to improve the cultural ambience of Pontiac, Michigan flashed through my mind. After greeting each other, and before he came to the purpose of his visit, I "confessed." Of course, the indefatigable talker and crusader had no memory of the incident from among his thousands of experiences on the lecture circuit. But we both had a great laugh and the conversation was off to an easy and friendly start.

He had come, Mr. Thomas said, because he was increasingly troubled by an internal development in the Socialist Party. Among his most loyal and devoted supporters, he said, there had been many wonderful Jews who had gravitated to the Party as the natural extension of their associations with the old Social Democratic (Bundist) efforts to liberalize their native countries. Their immediate identifications were with the "Jewish" socialist groups but they were also integrating into the larger American scene. Active participation in the Socialist Party was one indication of their more cosmopolitan vision.

In the last few years, Mr. Thomas confided, he had been troubled as one after another of these stalwarts had drifted away. They no longer sought him out personally. They were inclined to diffidence when he took the initiative of trying to see them; and their activism in the Party's counsels was perceptibly diminishing. The situation had developed into a kind of pattern, according to Mr. Thomas, and he had determined to try to ascertain the reason.

So, the old campaigner sought out some of his former colleagues and associates. A few, he reported to me, had finally confided to him that they were "too busy working for the Zionist movement and no longer had time or resources for the Socialist Party." Some had added a somewhat more intellectualized explanation: they were troubled by Norman Thomas' broad universalism and consistent pacificism. These were themes they found, in varying degrees, discordant in their growing preoccupation with securing a "homeland" for displaced Jews in Palestine.

When he finished this account of his experience, Mr. Thomas added, "I am here on the chance you might either have some suggestions to help me end this defection of people for whom I have great respect and affection or, failing that, explain why this pattern seems so inexorable."

I was not, in my own mind, the person best equipped to make constructive suggestions for Mr. Thomas' first problem. I was not a Socialist—at least in any card-carrying sense. Most of the Jews he had in mind were a bit "strange" to my own background. They were, for the most part, of East European derivation and my antecedents—by accident of birth—had been from Germany. On my mothers' side we were third generation Americans. We had lived most of our lives until that time in the mid-West. Most of Mr. Thomas' Jewish friends were New Yorkers. They were most comfortable in what at the time was a large, colorful, culturally-rich "Yiddish-speaking" milieu, mostly in New York and mostly as the labor force in the garment industry. My associates in the Council and I had never had much opportunity or occasion to establish any meaningful associations with them.

It did happen that Lessing Rosenwald knew David Dubinsky, the genial, able father-figure in the International Ladies Garment Workers Union. Dubinsky had worked near miracles in replacing sweat-shops with respectable working conditions and ran a union of great social vision. Somewhere along the road of putting the Council together Rosenwald had entertained the idea that Dubinsky might lend his prestige and support and we had gone to see him. The conversation turned out to be another of those in which a genuinely good and broad-gauge human confided that his personal convictions were close to our own. But he could not indulge his personal feelings

because of his prominent role in and responsibilities to the union; and in the grass-roots of the union he felt certain that sentiment and emotion ran strongly in support of the Zionist effort. Enormous Zionist pressures were brought constantly to bear upon both the employers and those employed in the garment industry. The Jewish Labor Committee, which was a kind of coalition of the Jewish labor class, was infiltrated and threatened with capture by Zionist forces; and many ILGWU members were influenced by the Committee. So, Dubinsky had begged off.

I told Mr. Thomas I suspected that similar social and economic pressures — together with a certain legitimate concern for the Jews of Europe from where many of his friends themselves had only rather recently come — accounted for the alienation he had sensed. The Council, I explained, had enjoyed virtually no success in its efforts to persuade Jews in this social segment that if sufficient effort were mobilized it might be possible to provide refuge for those in Europe who wished to resettle without insisting upon the Zionist political formula for a "Jewish state." And while our own experiences in trying to separate these people from the Zionist bandwagon might not be exactly analogous to Mr. Thomas' problem, I was not very hopeful — given the hysteria of the times and the lack of leadership in government, the press, church and synagogue, to say nothing of the nation's labor unions — that he would have much success in winning back the activism of his old friends.

The difficulty, I had to explain to him, was neither in anything he had done (or not done) nor in the basic instincts or his friends' commitments to the philosophical principles of social and economic justice. Like most Americans, neither he nor his friends really understood Zionism. In fact, there was a basic, ineradicable dichotomy between Zionism as I knew it and Socialism, at least as I — and, apparently, as others before me (some of them "Zionists") — had understood the two movements. Any socialist parties that Zionism sustained at the level of practical, working politics (and not just theoretically) had to be "national socialist." The "national" qualification, furthermore, was predicated upon *Jewish* identity, determined either by profession of faith or "race." The practical consequences of this "un-socialist" marriage had been evident in Palestine ever since the first Zionist Commission had gone there,

following the issuance of the Balfour Declaration. The entire Zionist tapestry, sewn together piece by piece—often with deception and generally with circumspection and heavily camouflaged—was exclusivist and discriminatory. At its best it patronized "the Arabs." At its normal it denigrated them. And, in addition, from Herzl to Weizmann, Zionism had been a lackey for imperial interests, since it was only with the support of imperial power — and in defiance of most of the states neighboring Palestine — that Zionist nationalism could be imposed upon the indigenous population of Palestine. Socialists, Jews and others, had tried to reconcile Socialism and Zionism more than once. But I knew of no effort that had been successful in practice. Almost to a man, the "socialists" who had surfaced as leaders of the "national home" had consistently trimmed their sails to conform to the Zionist blue-print for a "homeland" in which Jews would be privileged over any others. Any Socialists who held to their commitment had, for the most part, been relegated to the role of *permanent* minority or become complete outcasts. A few were indulged by the Zionist power-brokers as fairly harmless pin-prickers of conscience. But when the "big decisions" were made, the "nationalists" bull-dozed them to at least temporary eclipse — sometimes ruthlessly. Whatever else it was, I tentatively suggested to the leading American Socialist, Socialism was not this tribalistic phenomenon.

Neither of my explanations — that of the contemporary American scene, or the other, of the ideological inconsistency — made Mr. Thomas any happier. Nor, for that matter, did either rejoice my own spirits. But I was beginning to learn that there was little profit in entertaining illusions or indulging in rationalizations. And although my visitor was a good many years my senior and an incurable optimist, he thanked me and said I had, at least, helped him better to understand a phenomenon which had puzzled him.

The meeting had been a stimulating experience for me. Norman Thomas was an electrifying personality. From time to time I sent him things I would write and, on occasion, he would call me to ask some specific question. He had begun to interest himself in the problem of the "Arab refugees" and as he involved himself more and more, our contacts multiplied. On occasion he spoke on Council platforms and he was often a guest in our home. The friendship was valuable to me.

For although I never "bought" such socialist dogma as cropped up at some point in almost every conversation with him, Norman Thomas was a passionate human being, devoted to justice and human values within a world vision, however "Utopian." And I needed him, for our basic agreement about the Middle East and Palestine reassured me in the many moments of self-doubt, not of our fundamental principles, but of my continuing ability to see those principles in the broad vision of a world which we hoped — somehow — to leave a little better than we had found it.

Dean Gildersleeve

It was also somewhere about this time that I met Virginia Gildersleeve, the great Dean of Barnard College in New York. The Dean was one of those truly "great ladies," — solid, thoughtful, usually to be relied upon to stand with the progressive liberal forces in any issues of the moment. As the consequences of US support of a Zionist state became increasingly visible — with the principal focus in those early days on the "refugees" and the Israeli defiance of the world consensus that these people displaced by war should be given the elemental right of returning to their homes—Dean Gildersleeve joined the ranks of those who spoke out for the implementation of this basic, human right.

Those of us who were acquiring the status of "veterans" in the Palestine problem rejoiced. Along with Eleanor Roosevelt (who stubbornly refused to talk to any anti-Zionists), Dean Gildersleeve was considered to be among the most distinguished women in a nation which, before the present surge of the feminist movement, regarded itself as essentially a "man's world."

But—as so many with absolutely impeccable credentials as humanitarians, liberals, and internationalists discovered—the minute the Dean touched the nerve-center of Zionism's basically tribalistic character the machine went to work. Criticism from someone of Dean Gildersleeve's stature was particularly resented precisely because in the United States she stood for everything Zionism had duped most Americans into believing it represented. And now, sitting in seats of power itself — well padded with American support — Zionism began to demonstrate naked arrogance in pursuit of its goal of a state

which would be as undilutedly "Jewish" as possible, considering that the state had been imposed upon a territory in which the majority population were Christian and Moslem Arabs. The "exodus" of the "refugees" was not a perfect cleansing of the land of its non-"Jewish people" inhabitants. But it was the best approximation possible available at the time to a Zionist movement which still relied upon its "moral" sex appeal to the larger, uninformed world and therefore was at some pains to wear at least a loin-cloth of respectability to hide the nakedness of its commitment to power. Zionists could claim, first, that "the Arabs" had persuaded "the refugees" to flee with the promise they would return with victorious Arab armies. Later, the Zionist state could provide its nascent racist policies with the plausible camouflage that "national security" dictated Israel's consistent defiance of the voice of the world's conscience as it had been expressed in the very United Nations resolutions which were designed to give some legitimacy to the Zionist state's existence.

One of the slanders used most effectively to silence any who raised the question of Israel's anti-Arab policy or of American subsidy for that policy was the accusation of anti-Semitism. Questioning the morality of Israel in denying the "refugees" the right to return to their homes automatically invited the charge of hostility to "the Jewish people" and the label of "anti-Semite." Dean Gildersleeve, for all her distinguished record, was not exempted. And so, one day I phoned her. I was pleasantly surprised when she recognized my name. I told her I had seen some of the scurrilous accusations in the Zionist so-called "press." I had read a few letters-to-the-editor published by that arbiter of honest journalism, *The New York Times:* and the whisper campaign was audible everywhere. Would she, I asked, come to our home for a quiet dinner and some talk which, if it could not end the defamation, might at least provide a little comfort for what I was sure was an aching spirit?

She accepted quickly and graciously. Ruth and I spent another of those privileged evenings which more than compensated for occasional doubts we had about the usefulness of the effort which commanded so much of our lives. At one point in the conversation I asked the Dean if she would be at all interested in speaking once or twice on a Council platform. Although we had also been called anti-Semites ("anti-Semitic Jews" was the phrase, a kind of precursor to

Mr. Eban's "preemptive defensive war") we *were* Jews. Council leaders were also prominent citizens in many communities and while no facts would prevent the Zionist apparatus from continuing the slander of Miss Gildersleeve as anti-Semitic until it wore itself out, the visible relationship between the Dean and distinguished citizens in various communities who were also well-known Jews would be a kind of answer.

Miss Gildersleeve agreed the strategy was good. Then she said, "There are two things I have wanted to say since you phoned me several days ago. In my own mind the whole campaign is stupid. In the first place, in my long years at Barnard I have probably presided over the education of more Jewish girls than there are in all the schools and universities in Israel combined. To the best of my knowledge there has never been one accusation of unfairness or even any suspicion of discrimination.

"This was dramatized for me a few weeks ago shortly after the smear campaign began. One day a delegation of my former students came to me. The spokesman ("spokeswoman" or "spokesperson" was not yet in vogue) for the group was a Jewish girl. She asked me if it were true that I was really supporting the cause of the Arab refugees. I acknowledged that I was and the girl then asked me why. I explained as carefully as I could the whole history of the problem of Palestine, my public record of concern with the victims of Hitler and my belief that Palestine was a place where refuge should exist for those who wished to go there. But, I added, nothing in any of these things I believed and had actively supported could now justify the Israeli policy of denying the Palestinian Arabs their rights to their homes.

"When I had finished," Miss Gildersleeve continued, "the Jewish girl who had been speaking for the group thought for a moment and then said, 'Dean Gildersleeve, you have told us things we should have known, but did not. If what you are doing now about the Arab refugees is anti-Semitism then anti-Semitism is good enough for us."

"So, you see," Miss Gildersleeve then added, "I was rather prepared for your call and for this conversation tonight. I had to believe there are Jews who understand that precisely the concerns which involved me with Hitler's victims are now motivating my support for the rights of the refugees. You and your associates are performing a genuinely constructive service by systematically and

responsibly insisting upon the universality of the values we Americans believe to be among our responsibilities to exemplify to the world."

From time to time in the following years Dean Gildersleeve's path and my own crossed. And I felt greatly honored when, some years later, she found occasion to make even a brief mention of me and our work in her marvelous autobiographical book, *Many A Good Crusade.*

Amateur at The Bar

The restructuring of our "domestic strategy," occasioned by the establishment of Israel, proved to be a somewhat complicated and sophisticated process. I cannot claim that it was inspired by any insights bordering genius. The Ben-Gurion child-grabbing caper was probably its starting point. But the motivation which eventually produced its most complete development was supplied by the bureaucratic mind (or mindlessness) of some Department of State personnel.

It happened in this way. We publicly protested against the Ben-Gurion pitch for young American immigrants. But we also felt very strongly that the declaration was an act of gross impropriety, perhaps even of international illegality. However it was construed, rationalized or excused, it was a crude attempt by the head of government of a foreign state to intervene in the lives of one group of Americans identified by their religious faith. It assumed a common national relationship between American Jews and the Zionist State and presumed American Jews had some obligation for populating the state which Zionism had taken from the Palestinians and in which — in those early years — Zionism possessed only a precarious "Jewish" majority. In this context the Ben-Gurion statement reflected an Israeli policy which was in violation of the Balfour Declaration's specified protection of the "rights and political status" of Jews in every country other than whatever the "national home" of Zionism was supposed to mean. Furthermore, since the pitch to send the children of American Jews was targeted at only Jews, we felt American acquiescence would be a violation of the First Amendment rights of these American citizens. For either, or both, of these

reasons, we reasoned, the government of the United States was obligated to take corrective action.

I went to Washington to explore the possibilities with people in the Department of State. Our organizational strategy had been changed by the establishment of the Zionist State and I found the climate around the Department of State also changed. The active encouragement of our earlier anti-Zionist efforts to create a democratic (as opposed to a Zionist) state in Palestine had now drifted to an attitude of polite coolness — perhaps even of resignation to the inevitable. Several Department of State officers to whom I argued our case put the bureaucratic position in terms of two propositions which amounted to a "turn-off." The first was that our argument might be logical but was "theoretical." The Department took the position that American Zionism was a native, voluntary association of Americans and even if, on its face, Mr. Ben-Gurion's effort to recruit American Jewish children had been imprudent, there was no way he could enforce the "duty" to immigrate which he had implied. The United States government, therefore, had no legal grounds on which to offer a repudiation or even a rebuke.

The second bureaucratic explanation was that, in any event, the relationship between the Israeli state and American Jews was a question for "the American Jewish community" to determine for itself.

Both propositions impressed me as something less than informed and candid for that department of our government responsible for advancing and safeguarding the rights and interests of *all* Americans in relationships with any foreign state. We engaged in a campaign of both formal communications and informal conversations over the next few years, trying to move the Department off this dead-center acquiescence. But we made no progress. Meanwhile, without doubt encouraged by the acquiescence of the United States — and other democratic states — the Israeli government steadily expanded the canonization of its Zionism in statutes designed to be accepted in and to influence international law. The Knesset adopted "The Law of Return," granting anyone recognized by Israeli standards as a Jew the right to immigrate to Israel. This was followed by the "Law of Nationality" which, in effect, automatically granted immediate Israeli citizenship to any Jew who immigrated under the "Law of Return."

The intent and language of the Nationality Law assumed every Jew possessed the right of a national of Israel and could "return" to his citizenship whenever he or she so elected. We continued to petition the United States government to take action which would invalidate the application of these laws to Americans. But the bureaucratic pattern remained much the same. We were constantly told the United States had no legal basis for action against such Israeli legislation and that — in the final analysis — whether to accept or reject the Zionist rights written into this legislation was the responsibility of "the American Jewish community."

The Hon. Henry A. Byroade

In 1952 there was a slight break in the generally misty atmosphere of the Near East section of the Department of State. Nearing the end of his second term, Truman — by some chemistry which ferments in the bureaucracy — reached out of the Foreign Service for a new Assistant Secretary of State. The appointee was Henry A. Byroade, a military career officer who had been serving with the American forces in Germany. It was generally understood that Mr. Byroade would serve through the end of Truman's administration and then, undoubtedly, be replaced by someone with knowledge of the Middle East.

Contacts and conversations in Washington had already become sufficently unrewarding prior to this personnel change and on a purely emotional and uninformed basis I anticipated Mr. Byroade's incumbency as an even duller period. I believed he would just sit it out for a few months until the regular chess-game of moving pieces around every four years took place.

Despite these reservations, because I regarded periodic pilgrimages to Washington as a kind of sacrament for my work, I asked for and received an appointment to meet Byroade.

I could not have been more wrong about the man. Perhaps he had come into the job of Assistant Secretary free of the frustrations and disillusion of his predecessors, most of whom had seen their best professional and technical advice "filed" in the "Top Secret" categories while policy (or, as some were beginning to call it, "non-policy") was paraded to the drum beats of the politicians. But

whatever the reasons, we were soon *sympatico*. He was "Hank" to me and, in his often jocular moments, he would call me "the mad rabbi."

The relationship deepened when John Foster Dulles elected to keep him on after the Eisenhower inauguration. We had submitted a long, detailed, semi-legal "Memorandum" to the Secretary of State sometime in 1952. We had pieced together, in a more formal way than ever before, all of our protests against Zionist/Israel incursions into the life of American Jews and related the legal/structural relationship to the attendant publicity, which we felt was distorting to the image which the rest of the American people had of the status of Jews in the United States. Even without the benefit of full-time legal counsel the "Memorandum" was an impressive document and Byroade was intellectually stimulated by it. One of Dulles' earliest — of many — forays into peripatetic diplomacy (foretokening Kissinger's constant movement) was to the Middle East. Byroade, of course, accompanied him and later "Hank" told me, in one of our informal conversations, that one of the documents he had taken with him was our "Memorandum."

On his return, Dulles, speaking publicly in the form of a report, offered the first, hopeful sign of an American policy which would be somewhat corrective to the one-dimensional kind of support which Truman ended up providing for Zionism/Israel. Dulles accurately appraised Arab apprehensions of Zionism (Dulles named it) and said the Arabs feared Zionism more than Communism. In a general way he admitted American responsibility for the dilemma in which he had observed our support of Zionism had placed our national interests; and again, in a general way, he suggested the United States would have to take steps to remove Arab fears of what the Secretary courageously identified as "expansionist Zionism."

We were encouraged by this "report." Now that the ice had been broken and a senior official of the government had identified Zionism in a kind of adversary relationship to American interests, I made bold to ask Byroade if he would be the principal speaker at our 1954 Annual Conference. Although he felt it important to clarify and be somewhat more specific about some of Dulles' generalizations, Hank persuaded me it would be politically wise to make such a statement on a platform other than one provided by the Council.

He was as good as his word and early in 1954, to a foreign policy

group in Dayton, Ohio, he delivered what until then — and for that matter until now — was the most definitive public effort by a United States official at so high a level of authority to "contain" Israel's Zionist character. The Dayton speech was the one in which, among other things, he called on Israel to drop its "conqueror" attitude and to cease to look upon itself as "a headquarters... for a world-wide grouping of peoples of a particular religious faith who must have special rights within and obligations to the Israeli state." And he called upon the Arabs to "accept this State of Israel as an accomplished fact."

We applauded the Dayton statement formally and to the limits of our capacity both in public statements and in commentary on its necessarily abbreviated and diplomatic language. The American press, either through ignorance or the habitual protectionism afforded Zionism, made almost no mention of the statement reportorially, and certainly did nothing by way of interpretation and commentary. My recollection is that the Arabs also greeted the statement with less public enthusiasm than I, at least, thought it merited. But from Israel — and American Zionists — came the predictable fire-storm. The orchestrated theme was that Byroade was interfering in the "religious" beliefs of Americans and improperly recommending American intervention in internal Israeli affairs. Our efforts supporting Byroade were, of course, almost totally eclipsed by the Zionist deluge.

I phoned Hank and asked him how seriously the attack was affecting him professionally and personally. "Mad rabbi," I recall him saying, "if the invitation to speak at your conference still stands I will here and now accept."

"What about the Secretary's reaction?" I asked.

"O.K.," was the reply, "although not totally happy. He simply called me in and put his head down on his hands on his desk and said to me, 'Just let me know in advance the next time you find a speech like that irresistible.' So I have asked him if he agreed to a clarification of the clarification and your platform will be a good place to make it."

The invitation was instantaneous. But the speech was not delivered without another episode which I shall never forget and which is one of the more amusing incidents in my career. Our Annual Conference that year was in Philadelphia and I was already there

when, the day before Byroade was scheduled to speak, I was called to the phone. A voice identified itself as Mr. Byroade's secretary and informed me the Assistant Secretary wanted to speak with me. My heart dropped. In the split second required to switch the call to Byroade's extension, I saw Dulles changing his mind and Hank — diplomatically — bowing out of the engagement.

But once again — and this time with less justification than the first — I was wrong about Henry Byroade.

"Mad rabbi," he began, "in the ante-room to my office sits a delegation of important Zionists waiting to deliver still another broadside about the Dayton speech. But before I receive them I want to read to you — and have you listen very carefully to — my draft text for tomorrow night."

And with Zionist overlords like Louis Lipsky (I recall that name distinctly) cooling their heels, I listened — with increasing approval — to the clarification of the clarification. Point-by-point, Hank turned back the Zionist attack and as he did so, he deftly delineated between politics (Zionism) and the rights of any American to worship as he or she pleased. He rejected the smear that what he had said in Dayton was either "pro-Arab" or "anti-Israel." What he was saying, he explained, was a prescription for an American policy which was "pro-American."

There was only one flaw in the draft. In attempting to clarify the difference between what might be termed "normal" immigration and Zionist "ingathering of the exiles" programs, Hank reverted to the "economic absorptive capacity" formula of the old British Mandate days. I advised him that this was really Zionist language to cover the policy of "buying" the "right" of Jews to come to Palestine in numbers which would be determined, or limited, only by Zionist investment or economic expansion. The reference was deleted. And whenever I saw Hank in later years, in Washington or elsewhere he was posted in his career, he was always generous in his expression of gratitude for signalling to him in time to avoid what would have been a rather serious and certainly an incongruous mistake, taken in the full context of what he had tried to do in these two addresses.

Unfortunately, Byroade's declarations of policy principles were never implemented by the United States. And the failure led me, eventually, to a more specific plan for implementing more effectively

the "domestic" agenda in the new anti-Zionist strategy occasioned by the events of 1948-49.

No one in the Department of State ever repudiated Byroade's policy-principles. They just did nothing about them. The inaction suggested they did not know what to do; or, if they knew what to do they felt they had no proper legal and diplomatic basis for doing it.

Zionism in International Law

This line of reasoning led me to conclude some definitions of language were needed to ascertain the exact meanings (in Zionist law, and therefore in international law acceptance of or acquiescence in Zionist law) of certain terms and relationships which had just been taken at the face value put on them by Zionist propaganda. The first of these was "the Jewish people." For years all of us had worked around this language without fully understanding its political and juridical meaning. The resulting vagueness facilitated the Zionist tactic of claiming — to the United States government, for example — that "the Jewish people" was just American Jews exercising their democratic right of petition to support American policies which were favorable to Zionism/Israel because such policies were also either helpful to the United States or consistent with American traditional ideals. But in Zionist diplomatic instruments this same "Jewish people" became the repository for specified nationality rights and somewhat less precisely specified nationality obligations. Small things which I should long ago have noticed now supported my "theorizing." For example, whenever "the Jewish people" was mentioned in Zionist instruments the singular verb "was" or "is" — not the plural "were" or "are" — is employed. It was almost a trivial "discovery," but it reflected the fact that Zionism regarded "the Jewish people" as a nationality entity. United States diplomacies with the Zionists were, at the least therefore, an acquiescence in this involuntary alteration of the status of one group of Americans identified by their religious faith. This, in turn, was a violation—I thought — of the clause in the Balfour Declaration which had been carefully and specifically designed to prevent exactly such a Zionist alteration of the status of Jews in any country other than the so-called "national home."

The United States was a party to the Balfour Declaration and my rudimentary knowledge of international — and constitutional — law suggested that US government dealings with the Zionists, without clear and consistent repudiation of this nationality meaning of "the Jewish people," were in violation of both an international agreement and of constitutional obligations as well.

These arguments were presented consistently — formally and informally — to the Department of State. A number of middle echelon officers privately encouraged us. Formally, we were regularly told that mere policy *declarations* by some official of the Israeli government provided no legitimate basis for the United States to take such corrective action as we regularly suggested.

In 1952 the Israeli Knesset had enacted its most comprehensive and explicit piece of legislation in the international Zionist category: "The World Zionist Organization/Jewish Agency for Israel (Status) Law." It was, in effect, a combined Zionist organization/Israeli government effort to find an international law substitute for the terminated British Mandate. Article 4 of the Mandate had provided the international law basis for recognition of the Zionist organization (or some acceptable successor which might claim broader representation of "the Jewish people"). With the termination of the Mandate this international credential of Zionist legitimacy had ended. The "Status" Law now provided the juridical rules regulating Israeli government and World Zionist Organization/Jewish Agency collaboration to further Israeli/Zionist objectives. In 1954, the Israeli government and the World Zionist Organization signed a "Covenant" which made the 1952 Knesset enactment operable.

In summary, the "Status" law and the 1954 "Covenant" spelled out both the "rights" of "the Jewish people" and — although in somewhat more obscure language — their "responsibilities" to Israel, as well. In the course of the Knesset debate Mr. Ben-Gurion had said the "Status" law and the "Covenant" were needed because the State of Israel, per se, had to conform to the recognized proprieties of international relations. But the Zionist movement, he explained, was now authorized to do things beyond Israel's borders which the state could not do itself.

This complex of legislation and legislative history, we thought, provided the missing justification for corrective United States

governmental action against Zionist/Israeli incursions into the lives of Americans. There were not only such policy declarations of intent as Ben-Gurion's. There was now legislation with a clear international law impact.

But — officially — Washington continued to see it in a more politically comfortable light. Israel was a sovereign, foreign state. And the Zionist movement was a voluntary association of Americans simply exercising their right of petition.

On Advice of Counsel

We were at a dead end politically and I was, by this time, over my head legally. But I was no less convinced that substantively we were absolutely correct. The dilemma led me to Dr. W.T. Mallison, Jr., Professor of International Law at the George Washington University Law School. At a long, informal evening session I outlined to him my theory. Tom, at the time, knew only what the average American knew about the whole complex of problems revolving about Palestine. Legally, he explained, he knew nothing at all of the data I had outlined for him. But, he added before the evening was over, *if* what I had told him of the facts was accurate he thought we had a case; and if upon examining the facts himself he felt we did have a case he would be glad to help in preparing it since it appeared to be potentially of great interest.

So began another of the cherished friendships of our lives with both Tom and Sally Mallison, both of whom in the years since have become knowledgeable about the Palestine problem and activists in the prosecution of a just and equitable settlement. In the intervening years the two have made distinguished legal contributions to the case for justice in Palestine as well as to pioneering international law principles and clarifications relevant to a whole host of the world's contemporary problems such as the rights of "resistance" movements in situations where enemy forces occupy conquered territories, and the rights of civilians in occupied territories.

But for us anti-Zionist Jews and Americans, Tom's work produced two documented studies, setting forth citations to the relevant international and domestic law, which must one day be recognized as classics in the literature about Palestine. The first was

his so-called "Jewish People" study, published finally in June 1964 by the Law Review of his own university. The second was his study of the "Status" law and the "Covenant" and the operations of the Zionist structure which put those legislative acts into practice. This was published in the spring of 1968 in the Law Review of William and Mary College.

But something more than two academic articles was also produced by the Mallison work. The first study delineated the way in which, largely by dereliction, the great powers had permitted the Zionists to "constitute" "the Jewish people" as an international entity with a "recognized" system of nationality rights and obligations. Over a period of a few years the findings of the still ongoing study had been presented, in both formal correspondence and through formal conferences, to the Department of State. We now reinforced our old argument that in acquiescing in—or supporting—the Zionist movement, the government of the United States had violated the First Amendment rights of American Jews and what Tom came to call "the second safeguard clause" of the international agreement known as the Balfour Declaration.

The exchange was exhaustive, probing thoroughly the ideology and practices of Zionism. Finally, in April of 1964, the Department of State, in a letter from its Legal Advisor's office signed by Assistant Secretary Phillips Talbot, rejected the "Jewish people" nationality as a valid concept in international law. The Talbot letter now appears in the State Department's *Digest of International Law.*

We had won another significant victory — in theory. But again, as with the Byroade political declarations, nothing was done to apply the Talbot legal principle to the on-going operations of the Zionist apparatus. It continued, with full impunity, to conduct itself in the United States as if it were legally entitled to the full support and approval of the United States government. Its Washington lobby was never categorized as such in official circles and its financial arms not only collected large sums of money; they enjoyed, for the most part, the rhetorical blessings of many politicians. More importantly, contributors enjoyed the privilege of tax-deductibility, clearly implying the United States government regarded these financial efforts and machinery as humanitarian, cultural, philanthropic, even religious.

This persistent blinking at the harder and harder evidence we continued to submit, identifying the Zionist apparatus as a supranational tool of the Israeli government, led us to conceive and develop Mallison's second, major study. This argued that the "Status" law and "Covenant" made the Zionist apparatus either an agent of the Israeli government or actually a part of the government. In either event — functionally speaking — the State of Israel operated on the proposition that "the Jewish people" possessed what Mallison called "a functional nationality" in relationship to the state. The recognized Israeli government limited its acknowledged authority to that part of "the Jewish people" which had activated this "Jewish people" nationality by going to Israel and accepting, automatically, the rights of citizenship. The "Status" law and "Covenant" specified in what manner the World Zionist Organization/Jewish Agency — in close cooperation with the government (or as an actual department of it) — executed the system of national rights and obligations presumed to belong to "the Jewish people" who remained in their respective countries of "exile."

The Eichmann case broke before the first study was completed. The "Judgement" handed down by the Jerusalem court and affirmed by the highest court in Israel provided additional evidence in support of our case. The "Judgement" asserted the "link" in law between the state and "the Jewish people" and Israel was "the sovereign state of the Jewish people." There were some academic challenges to this line of Israeli reasoning, but from our own government nothing but the usual silence which — for three decades and more — the Zionist apparatus had felt free to construe as assent.

When Mallison completed this second study slightly different versions were submitted to both the Department of Justice and the Department of State. The facts and law comprising the body of both petitions were identical. The petitions for relief were tailored to the competencies of each department. At Justice we asked that the Foreign Agents Registration Act be enforced against the Zionist apparatus in the United States. At State we contended that the organized, systematic intervention of the Israeli government in the lives of American Jews, using the Zionist apparatus, was a violation of the Treaty of Friendship and Commerce. At two places in that

treaty it is clearly stipulated that the parties were enjoined from carrying on political activity in each other's territory.

From State came the usual, ritualistic denial of our petition. At Justice Dr. Mallison found interest. Eventually the Department required the Jewish Agency/American Section to include in its regular registration forms the stipulations in the "Covenant" between the Israeli government and the World Zionist Organization/Jewish Agency. This was an important step toward full disclosure of the relationship between the government and this allegedly independent agency. The connection was now a matter of public record. It is now accessible to anyone who obtains a copy of the "Supplemental Registration" form from the records of the Department of Justice. I cannot make any hard case to prove it, but I feel reasonably certain this action contributed greatly to the Zionist conclusion which led to the reorganization of the Jewish Agency in 1973. The "reorganization" was simply ritualistic, moving the same old pieces around on the same chess board and in pursuit of the same policies. A number of changed circumstances in recent years have prevented both Mallison and me from requiring the Department of Justice to scrutinize the "reorganization" and where necessary to apply to the Zionist structure the relevant United States legislation.

It has been a source of regret to me that this important and potentially efficacious tool has never been picked up and fully utilized by anyone else. A constitutional principle is involved which should concern all Americans — not only Jews. And considering American interests in the Middle East and in peace, the arrogant exercise of power by Israel within the United States by employing an apparatus linked in law to the Israeli government should be a matter of general American concern. I have also suggested to Arab diplomats that they should register formal protests to the government of the United States. Granting tax-deductibility to funds which end up in the control of the Israeli government/Jewish Agency/World Zionist Organization is an affirmative, US government action which can certainly be construed as an unfriendly act against every Arab state which has suffered any of the consequences of what John Foster Dulles described as "expansionist Zionism."

We Go "East of Suez"

With this work in the "domestic" area of the new, post-1948-49 strategy my understanding of Zionism greatly matured. I had moved — and been helped by Mallison's work to move — from the logical and a few sociological and political generalities to a full and confident grasp of the intricacies both of Zionist thinking and of Zionist operations. Coincidentally, my opinion of American politicians generally sank to the lowest level. We had received encouragement at the bureaucratic, middle levels of the governmental departments with which we had been in contact. We had reason, therefore, to believe that our reasoning and even our presentations of our reasoning were responsible and sound. But it became clear that the political advisers in the White House and the majority of politicians in the House and the Senate reserved their respect for, admiration of and commitment to fundamental American principles for Fourth of July, Lincoln and Washington Birthday rhetoric.

One more step remained in the process of deepening and fleshing out my familiarity with "the problem." My Arab friends, some of my friends in the Department of State and a few of my associates began a campaign for Ruth and me to go to the Middle East. And in 1955 we did go. The record of my impressions is fairly complete in "Who Knows Better Must Say So." And it is another of the satisfactions of my life that this little book of spontaneously written reactions and opinions has become a kind of handbook in the literature on Palestine.

Somewhere in *Who Knows Better Must Say So* I was trying to convey to my friends at home our impressions of Jerusalem, the New City. That particular letter in the collection is rather defensive and apologetic as I read it now because I was aware of my "biases" before we crossed to Israel on that first trip to the Middle East. But I did the most objective job of reporting and description possible.

We had stayed at the King David Hotel. We found it adequate, but not particularly attractive. It certainly lacked charm — that over-worked word which nevertheless is universally used to express the inexpressible about the hostelries which have tradition and the subtleties of service which mark the difference between a Hilton and a

Claridges or between a Sheraton and the Ritz. So in this particular letter from the Israeli "Zion" I wrote:

> Actually, there is no hotel to compare with the St. Georges in Beirut; no boulevards to compare with those of Damascus; no bazaars like those of Cairo; no government building to compare with the gem of architecture where the Syrian Parliament meets.

Some months later, after the Council leadership had decided to publish all my letters from that trip in book form, Lessing Rosenwald phoned me one day. "I just want to tell you," he said, "I have a new complaint from the American Jewish Committee about your anti-Israel attitudes."

I must have replied something to the effect, "So what else is new?" because Lessing continued, "Irving Engle [then president of the AJC and another of that self-righteous organization's self-proclaimed statesmen] has just complained to me on the phone that your unflattering comparisons between Israeli Jerusalem and Arab capitals, hotels and the like, is the kind of thing that is bad public relations."

"Well," I remember saying to Lessing, "there is no accounting for taste. If Mr. Engle prefers the King David to the St. Georges that may just leave more room for me the next time we go to Beirut."

"Well, I am just reporting," Lessing said. "I am not trying to pick your hotels for you."

I remember the episode because although the substance of the matter was really trivial the style was indicative of that hypersensivitity about the "Jewish" state which crippled the rational processes of so many Jews. It was the same mental and emotional attitude that was shocked to learn there were Jewish prostitutes in Israel or that Eban and Rabin had stashed away some American dollars even as they were huckstering the impeccable virtues of Zion to unsuspecting American sycophants. In a larger sense, for a long time, this kind of almost inexplicable parochialism and chauvinism on the part of otherwise sophisticated American Jews was a serious obstacle to any rational discussion of the basic issues of right, justice or peace. It is all a little better now — twenty years later — and in that slight improvement resides perhaps another small contribution to the fragile hope for peace.

Lunch During Ramadan

On our numerous trips to "the Arab world" we were always the beneficiaries of that hospitality for which Arabs are renowned. The list of gracious hosts and hostesses is almost legion. But one experience, that occurred on that first visit in 1955, borders on the heroic.

We were in Damascus. The visit coincided with Ramadan — a mistake I did not learn to avoid, if possible, until I had more experience. Mahmoud Riad was the Egyptian Ambassador to Syria at the time. To my surprise, Riad's secretary phoned one day to invite us to his home for luncheon. I protested this must be beyond the call of duty during Ramadan and that I would be very happy just to see and talk with the Ambassador in a situation where the observance of the Ramadan fast would not complicate matters. The secretary insisted that despite Ramadan the Ambassador still wanted us for lunch.

So, we went. To my further surprise I found that we were not the only guests. Several other Americans who were in Damascus were also there, together with some other Arabs, some of whom did not observe the fast. It was a beautiful luncheon and the talk was good. For as long as I live I will never forget nor cease my admiration for Mahmoud Riad who sat at the head of the table, presiding over the gathering, participating in the talk and never once touching a morsel of food or a drop of water. I am sure that to him the role was more or less routine. But to me it has always seemed a heroic thing to do and a genuine symbol of "going the extra mile."

Katy Antonius

Our first evening in Arab Jerusalem, Katy Antonius — widow of George, the author of the classic *The Arab Awakening* — was hostess at a delightful reception at the Ambassador Hotel. Many of the officials of the Jordan government came down from Amman and it was a delightful evening which afforded us a great opportunity to be introduced to a number of the people we hoped to meet and talk with later in our stay. In response to a welcoming statement by the Mayor of Jerusalem I said we were there to learn at first hand something more about a problem with which we had been involved already for

some years and that we hoped, in a small way, to contribute eventually to a just solution of the problem of Palestine.

The attitude of the Jordanians — and even of Katy Antonius — was proper and polite, but also arms-length and skeptical. We were probably the first Jews to have been in Jordan since the establishment of the Zionist state. I do not think I fully appreciated it at the time, but the presence *in Jordan* of large numbers of the "refugees" and the cheek-to-jowl positioning of Jordan with Israel made the Old City and its immediate environs a concentrated specimen of the human, the geographic and the political ingredients of the problem of Palestine. It was not until this visit that I realized "borders" in a great many places were barbed wire separating members of families, separating farmers from their land, separating houses from the fields where, before the partition, the inhabitants of the houses had worked the soil for their food and livelihood. On one side of these barbed-wire "borders" — in many places — Jordanian police with automatic rifles slung under their arms marched back and forth also almost cheek-to-jowl with their Israeli counter-parts, similarly armed, on the other side. Now and then members of such separated families would cautiously sidle up to the fence to touch hands or speak a word or two while the police on both sides either had their backs turned or just pretended not to see.

Dislike of Americans was understandable in these circumstances, since the United States was blamed (not without cause) for these tragic, human consequences of partition. And all this was more vividly clear in Jordan than anywhere else in the Arab world.

So a certain coolness with which the Jordanians received us on that first visit was not surprising. We stayed in Jordan about a week, as I recall, and I regard it as one of the achievements of my life that before we left the rather icy atmosphere had warmed somewhat. We had visited "refugee camps" and met a number of important people, including some of the press and, as I remember, I was eventually asked for several interviews on radio.

Toward the end of our stay, we were riding back to Jerusalem from still another visit to another camp. Katy Antonius had long since decided we were "OK" and accompanied us on a number of our excursions around the countryside. She was, I recall, riding in the back seat of the Landrover and I was in front with the driver.

A propos of nothing we had been talking about, Katy said, "Elmer, I have decided that before you leave you must give a big lecture to a wide audience at the YMCA."

The prospect frightened me. It was true that my private visits and even my appearances at the camps, at several of which I had on invitation been adventurous enough to say a few, general words of understanding, together with pledges to work for a just solution, had all been successful. The radio and press interviews had been restrained and, in any event, were essentially in my control. But sensing the deep hurt, indignation and even outrage which was general among people, and aware that any "open" audiences would very likely contain a large number of refugees, I was apprehensive about Katy's suggestion and I explained my apprehensions by way of replying.

But Katy was an imperious, determined and wilful personality. She was unimpressed with my argument.

"There are two reasons why your fears will not be realized," she said.

"First, you have ably laid the groundwork. Even though you have spoken so far to only small groups and in rather controlled situations, this is a small, tight little country and what you have said is no secret from anyone. Furthermore, what you have said has been well received and the idea for you to give a public lecture is not mine alone. A number of those who have heard you in these smaller, isolated situations join me in the suggestion. Some even say it is important for your credibility that you say forthrightly and face-to-face with an audience which will be able to question you what you have said well so far to these smaller groups.

"And secondly, government people will come from Amman. They will sit on the platform with you. One of them will preside and while this is no guarantee there will not be hostile questions, the atmosphere will be one of authority in control and of respect. While that may not be the ideal way to ensure the situation will not get out of hand, it will certainly reduce the likelihood of it doing so."

The appeal to my credibility and the realization that some thought had been given to the potentially disruptive consequences of such a meeting, with some reasonable precautions for avoiding them, overrode my resistance. I agreed.

I think I have never been more nervous in my life. The auditorium of the "Y" was packed with people. Seated on the platform were about a half-dozen dignitaries of various degrees of importance in the national government. They had come from Amman for the occasion. Also, in a mixture of relief and consternation, I saw four or five of the by-now familiar Jordanian police scattered about the audience, with their automatic rifles slung under their arms. I remember thinking I hoped they were the conventional "security" for the Jordanian government officials and were not there in even possible anticipation I might need their protection.

My talk was rather orthodox anti-Zionist ideology with no more substantive reference to the political specifics of the time than necessary. I traded unashamedly on my acquaintanceship with Judah Magnes who, I had learned in the camps, was greatly respected by the most injured victims of Zionism. I spoke without interruption of any kind. By experience a reasonably good judge of the endurance quality of audiences, I was more than pleased with the signs that what I was saying was obviously of considerable interest. And, finally, I concluded to a round of reassuring applause.

Nevertheless, I was only part of the way home. One of the principal reasons for the lecture had been to expose myself to questions. It was still possible for almost anything to happen. I cannot now recapitulate the majority of the questions with any certainty that the account would be accurate. My recollection of the question period, however, is that nothing untoward happened. I was able to handle ideological questions with confidence. My disagreement with American policy was a matter of public record and while I had been rather deliberately circumspect in my criticisms in my formal statement — and, indeed, had not entered very far into the substance of such policy problems at all — I responded to questions on the subject as well and as diplomatically as I could. And, with steadily increasing satisfaction with myself, I noticed that the time appointed for the conclusion of the program was fast approaching.

But — not yet! And in the very last minutes of the scheduled time a young man stood up far in the back in the audience and said, "How do we know that what you have told us here are your genuine, sincere beliefs? Why, after our betrayal, should we not consider you a Zionist agent, sent here to quiet our fears and to dampen our hostility to both

the Jews and the United States who have done this to us? Why, in view of all the facts with which we live, should we accept as fact the criticism you offer to these other facts? Why, in a word, should we believe you?"

There was enough applause for the questioner to make me realize his skepticism — if that was all it was — was no isolated phenomenon. And perhaps because I had seen enough of the tragedy of these people during the weeks we had been in Jordan, as I recall my reaction now there was nothing of resentment as I listened to a question which, as a matter of fact, I had rather expected all along. So, in a sense, without any "briefing" I was emotionally and intellectually prepared for his question. And so, with a calm I still remember with some satisfaction, I replied, "There is not much external evidence I can bring to persuade you to accept me and what I have said here at face value. A few in this audience probably know that I have been saying in the United States very much what I have said here and I have been saying it now for a decade. And there is something of a public record to prove it. Moreover, it is not much easier these days to say these things in the climate of United States opinion than it is to say them here.

"But again, this answer — for most of you — is little better than hearsay evidence, offered by the party most interested. And so, in the final analysis, I suppose there is really nothing I can do here and now to answer irrefutably your justifiable doubts.

"But I will say this to you, leaving my manner and the words themselves to reinforce what you will hear literally. I can foresee the day when for many reasons — and in ways I cannot foresee — you who have suffered most will find some satisfaction. I do not know what legal or military or political developments will bring this about. But I believe it will happen."

And then in one of those almost inexplicable flashes of intuition or instinct, I held up my right hand, making a small circle with my thumb and forefinger and added, "But if, whatever that formula may be, there is left a *Zionist* state no larger than this (the thumb/finger circle) *I,* as a Jew, will continue to have most of the problems I have described for you in my lecture. And although it is almost impossible for you to accept it now, it is — in my mind — very possible that before the last chapter of this tragic history is written, we who are

Jews who reject Zionism and the state it has created just across these nearby streets and the few yards of no-man's land, may be the last and most tragic victims."

There was a resounding burst of applause. And to this day I thank whatever gods there be for that moment in a life of too much talking and writing for words that came from my lips but which I felt almost mystically had been put there by a power greater than I. It seemed then — and it still seems so in my vivid memory of the moment — that what I said did not travel the conventional route from cerebration to articulation. But rather I had the sensation the words came to my tongue from somewhere outside me and I simply projected them as my own.

And, having never considered myself either "a prophet, nor the son of a prophet," to use Amos' words, as I look at the scene today, this answer to the earnest young man in the tension of that audience seems even more than it did then like something detached from the time in which it was spoken. For if there is to be any compromise settlement in the near future it seems now inevitable it will embrace a continuing Zionist state. Most of "the Arabs," many Israelis and the rest of the world may be reconciled to such a compromise. But the genuinely free and liberal spirits, everywhere, in some way or other, will continue the struggle to eliminate the racist, discriminatory political sovereignization of Zionism in an Israel even compressed back to the June 4, 1967 "borders." It is this very deep tie which binds me to "the dream" of the Palestinians even though I am among those who now are prepared to accept a lesser compromise in order to avert the greater, immediate, human tragedy of another war. In an atmosphere less fraught with danger I am unhappily confident that, deprived of its camouflage of "siege" and recurrent "crises," the ugly, undemocratic character of Zionism will become apparent to increasing numbers of people. Despite a life of many frustrations and postponed hopes I continue to believe that the truth *does* set men free and I, personally, will continue as long as I am capable of doing so to add what I believe to be the truth about Zionism to the expanding fund of human knowledge.

Rocking With "Rocky"

When I returned, one of my government friends asked if I would agree to a couple of days of de-briefing in Washington. I agreed. At the end of the second day, my last conversation was with Allen Dulles who was then Director of the CIA. Nelson Rockefeller was also present. At the time Rockefeller was on the White House staff in the capacity of Adviser on Psychological Warfare, as I recall the title.

I doubt that I added much to Allen Dulles' store of information. Egypt and Nasser were his major concerns and I reported what he undoubtedly already knew and what had been emphasized to me in conversations with very well-placed people in the Nasser government. Egypt wanted peace but now entertained serious doubts about realizing it following the 1955 Israeli raid on Khan Yunis. As insurance therefore, Nasser wanted arms. Perhaps even more — or at least as much — he wanted financial help for the high dam at Aswan.

In the course of the interview I also had — or perhaps made — the opportunity to spell out for Dulles the detrimental effects on American interests of the continued financial and political power exercised by the Zionist apparatus. I also told him what I think was a new idea to him, that in my opinion the free flow of money and political power was not so certainly the blessing for Israel which it was advertised to be in the United States. I had met a fair number — though not really a large number — of Israelis who appeared to be more than averagely intelligent and politically alert. Many of them had been victimized, in one way or another, by the Zionist machinery so much in control of the social and economic programs of the state.

To all of this, of course, Dulles was noncommittal. But he had been interested. He kept me a long time and was extremely gracious when I left.

I started to hail a taxi to return to my hotel. Mr. Rockefeller asked where I was staying and when it proved to be close to his own destination offered me a ride in his car.

"I was very interested in your observations about the United Jewish Appeal," he said, once we were on our way.

"You know, last year 'the family' contributed $100,000 to the campaign."

As unconcernedly as I could manage it, I acknowledged I had seen the extensive advertising of the fact by the UJA. I volunteered no further comment, one way or the other.

Rockefeller filled the gap by adding, "Do you know those S.O.B.'s came to us again this year and using all kinds of pressure tried to have us double the size of that gift?"

I recall the profanity exactly. It surprised me a little, not because in my judgement it was not merited, but because I was a stranger to Rockefeller although he may have felt somewhat at ease with me considering the auspices under which we had met.

My own comment to this second bit of information was something like, "Join the club." I told him such pressure tactics against Jews were standard and that this was one of the reasons why contributions to the Zionist funds were not an accurate reflection of Zionist political strength. I recounted several situations in which I knew economic and social sanctions had been used to extract contributions.

By this time we reached my hotel. I thanked him for the ride and expressed my pleasure in meeting him. If I could ever be of service in the field of my own expertise, I added, I would welcome the opportunity.

Some months later — sometime early in 1956, I think — the *New York Times* reported that Nelson Rockefeller had given an enthusiastic endorsement to the "new" UJA campaign. There had been rumors in the political mill that Rockefeller was thinking of running for Governor of New York State.

"He will," I told Ruth, who knew of my meeting with him in Washington, as I showed her the *New York Times* story.

I immediately wrote Rockefeller a short note. I simply enclosed the clipping from the *Times* and asked, "Do you recall our meeting in Allen Dulles' office a few months ago and our conversation in your car when you kindly took me to my hotel?"

Rockefeller did reply. "I remember our meeting very well," was the totality of the letter.

The entire scenario merely reinforced my already firm conviction that in the American political circus support of Zionism/Israel was simply another of those issues which were treated with the greatest cynicism and expediency. I began to realize that justice would not be

established in the Palestine problem and peace would continue to be elusive if not unobtainable until the Arabs found the nerve ends which would make American politicians, however squirming, face the fundamental problems.

Two Studies in Journalists

Two other incidents of the early post-Israel years I think deserve mention here because each — in its own way — sheds some light on the ambiguous role of the American press in the swirling controversy about Palestine and American policy. I usually shudder a bit when someone on "our" side speaks of Zionist "control" of the American media; and I have done my share of complaining to and about "the Arabs" who, all too frequently, have attributed the misinformation and lack of information about their case to this "Zionist control." The complexity of the United States and the tradition of independence with which its *leading* journalists are inculcated are not conducive to ready agreement with charges of successful conspiracies or efficient control extending over a quarter-century. To use the argument seriously often destroys the credibility of the one who employs it.

But Zionist *influence* is something else. And the influence can be — and is — effectuated in several ways. One of these is a diligent, indefatigable production of "news" stories about everything from the most recent tomato farm cultivated in some former "Arab-neglected" bit of desert to the benign, old "grandmotherness" of Golda Meir.

And at this writing, after the election victory of Menahem Begin, the flood of news stories white-washing the former "terrorist" and pressing upon his brow the laurel wreath of "statesman" is already in full tide.

The Zionist propaganda machine operates on the theory that if only one percent of its mimeographed output is seen in newsprint or on television, the operation is a success. "The Arabs" are still innocent in this phase of "warfare." Too many times to count, I have had some Arab friend say to me, "What I said yesterday at the General Assembly, or in Peoria, was completely ignored by *The New York Times* or *Newsweek* magazine." The failure to produce a headline then confirms the predilection not to bother another time. Whether it

deserves to be so or not, in the United States public relations and publicity are a business. They require full-time effort. They cannot be conducted successfully as an adjunct or an avocation of even the best diplomat or most persuasive business-man.

Moreover, as my old friend Dorothy Thompson often told me, the new generation of American journalists are — by and large — not the determined two-fisted, relentlessly curious adventurers romanticized in dramas like "Front Page" or, more recently, by Woodward and Bernstein of Watergate fame. They are, she would say wistfully, lazy, lacking initiative and also lacking the instinct for "the" news. The publicity factories have accommodated to this new breed. If the journalists do not exert themselves to discover the "news," those who want to make news bring it — tailor-made — to the journalists. So, the sheer mass of Zionist handouts does "influence" the American media men who, it must be added, often sift through the blizzard of each day's mimeographing with less than an educated or sophisticated eye. There is little excuse for "the Arabs" not to have matched this quantitative battle over the years.

But there is another kind of influence exercised on the media and it is more difficult to fault the Arabs for failing to cope with it. Whether they always fully understand what they are doing or not, there are well-placed Zionists or pro-Zionists in most American communities. And in most of these communities there are Zionist or pro-Zionist organizations. The State of Israel and the Zionist organizations here have large stables of "authorities" always at the ready to fill a speaking engagement at anything from a country barbecue to a state banquet. Press-coverage, often extending to radio and television time, is a usual dividend added to the main event. The cumulative effect of much of this, which is inherently often pretty superficial and even trivial, is still "public relations" and contributes to the mental-set of the American people.

It is also true that many substantial advertisers in the media are Jews. Whether Zionists or not, they can sometimes be prevailed upon, through friendship or social pressures, just to "say a word to the local editor" or the radio or TV newscaster. And, on the other side, there are too few people in all these places either well-enough informed or sufficiently motivated if there is a misrepresentation of fact, to put in a good or a critical word to the same dispensers of the

news. So, there *is* influence of the media. But it is *not* control and the difference is important. Control might be an insuperable obstacle to better presentation of an accurate picture of the Middle East. But influence can at least be countered by other influence, provided the effort is made to recruit and motivate the people who can exercise it. I, personally, have had little trouble with the "provincial" American press. I have visited hundreds of American cities and given more lectures than I like to count. I almost always have a text or, if I have not written the talk, I take multiple copies of abstracts of the most important things I intend to say and usually have a press-release, as well, in which I emphasize by placement what I think most important, assuming that some none-too-well-informed editor will decide he has only so many column inches. This system produces a reasonable share of coverage, and—on the whole—it usually assures that what I want said is said the way I want it said.

The two experiences I began to relate before digressing to this general commentary on the media illustrate, I think, that Zionists do not "control" the press, and suggest the value of efforts to balance out factors which do however exert influence on the publication of "news." One of these experiences had a happy ending. The other ended up no better than a stand-off.

Dorothy Thompson

The "standoff" experience with the media involved *The New York Times* and Dorothy Thompson. I had met Dorothy after a long but somewhat stop-and-go pursuit. She had been "kicked" out of Hitler's Germany because she had been the first American journalist to "break" the news about the Nazis' savaging of Germany's Jews. Only after I had known her for a good many years did I realize how complicated a person she was. And even when the friendship was close and easy I still often had difficulty deciding whether her keen mind, sharp tongue or moral indignation at almost any injustice was her most powerful personality trait.

In any event what she saw happening to the Jews of Germany had meshed the gears putting all three into action. Up and down America's lecture platforms and from her regular columns and broadcasts she spoke and wrote as if she alone were charged with the

responsibility for righting Hitler's monstrous wrongs. The answer she found was support of the Zionist program or, at least, what she considered the Zionist program to be. It was not untypical of her that in the single-minded determination to do something about something she considered evil she brushed aside all problems that seemed to complicate her crusade.

On several occasions I had tried to meet and talk with her. But the response was always negative. Sometimes it was diplomatically negative and sometimes it was impatiently so. Europe's Jews — what was left of them — had to be saved and Palestine was the place to save them. To attempt separation of the humanitarian impulse from Zionism's political aspirations was just something that could wait. And to speak of "Arab" rights — in those days — was, for Dorothy, unreal. On one occasion she told me rather sharply that Chaim Weizmann and Meyer Weisgal were to be completely trusted and both had assured her nothing the Zionists contemplated would infringe on the rights of Arabs in even the slightest degree.

After several failures I finally gave up my attempt to meet and talk with her. Then one day in the middle 1950's, near the end of the work-day, my phone rang—and there was Dorothy Thompson. I can still vividly recall the no-nonsense start of the conversation.

"Now I have to see you as soon as possible," she began. "I never see anyone before 5 p.m., when I finish writing, but if you could come to my house at 5 o'clock this afternoon I would appreciate it. I live just around the corner."

Later, I became accustomed to Dorothy's imperious manner. At the moment however — recalling my past, futile efforts to see her — I was a bit annoyed. But it was not every day that one of the titans of the American media "commanded" an audience with an anti-Zionist and so, without too much wrestling with my pride, I agreed to the meeting. I phoned Ruth and told her I would be late coming home.

Dorothy then lived in a marvelous town house off Third Avenue in the East Forties, within walking distance from our office at 57th and Third. At the appointed 5 p.m. I presented myself and was ushered into a comfortable living room and allowed to sit alone for perhaps five minutes. Finally Dorothy arrived, together with her husband Max Kopf. They were two big, handsome people and, as I soon learned, completely extroverted. Max was a painter. He had fled

Czechoslovakia to escape the Nazi take-over. He was not Jewish. Dorothy had married him originally to expedite his acquisition of United States citizenship—an admitted marriage of convenience. But they had developed a warm and genuine respect for each other's talents and a profound compatibility which surely bordered on love. I introduce Max to this account because his anti-Nazi background and the strong mutuality in this mature romance played a role in my future contacts with both of these delightfully genuine, sensitive and intelligent people.

Dorothy came quickly to the substance of the conversation. "You know," she said with the generous peppering of mild profanity to which I also later became accustomed, "I do not consider myself either a martyr or pro-Jewish for having been kicked out by Hitler. In fact, I do not give a damn about the superficial labels used to describe human beings in terms of their politics, their faith or their color. I did what I did in Germany because (a) [Dorothy punctuated almost every conversation with letters of the alphabet intended to indicate a separate point she was making and when, in her mind, she had completed her exposition of that point she invariably would add, "period, paragraph" and then proceed to her next point] I managed to go out and see what was happening to the German Jews while most of my colleagues sat around the beer *Stubes* of Berlin or Munich and cabled back slightly edited versions of government hand-outs; and (b) because *what* I saw and heard outraged my sense of decency and humanity.

"The facts I learned," she continued, "came out on the side of the Jews, period, paragraph. From there it seemed to me that making place for these people in Palestine was the simplest and most expeditious way to come to grips with the problem, so I began to write and speak in support of the Zionist effort as I understood it.

"I thought nothing much of it when, after my first few columns and lectures, I was waited upon by leading Zionist personalities. Among them were Meyer Weisgal, Louis Lipsky and I once met Weizmann. They were all appreciative and the fact that they paid me well for the lectures was not important either. And so you will understand why I saw no particular point in talking to you on the several occasions when you tried to see me in the past."

I dismissed the explanation as of no great consequence and waited

for the punch-line for by this time I had figured this direct, sharp-tongued woman had invited me for more than an explanation of why she had become a champion of a cause with which she knew I was in diametric opposition. I did not have long to wait.

"Now," she continued, "I begin to wish I had seen you. I am increasingly disturbed by what I see in Palestine. The murder of Bernadotte, for one thing, but even more the procrastination of Israel on the question of permitting repatriation of the refugees. I *had* to speak out about this for the same reasons I *had* to speak out about Hitler. But my Zionist friends do not seem to understand the universality of simple moral principles. And since I have begun to take notice of the Arab refugees (that is what everyone called the displaced Palestinians in those days) I have had constant visitations by emissaries of the Zionist organizations.

"They are threatening me with promises to go to the newspapers which carry my column and they are beginning to whisper that Max was himself a Nazi when, as a matter of truth, he left Czechoslovakia precisely because he loathed everything he saw the Nazis doing in that country.

"And so I am coming to you now for any advice or even comfort you can and will provide. My writing, you know, is my livelihood and my life and also I will not sit by and allow Max to be slandered as a way to try to 'get me.'"

It was not the first time someone had asked me to play the role of "father confessor" and adviser. And I had learned — mostly from my own experience — that if I wanted to provide an honest answer I could give neither absolution nor any pat formula for avoiding the pot-holes which an efficient Zionist machine astutely and ruthlessly cultivated. I responded with something of Dorothy's own direct and unvarnished manner. I began by saying that while I regretted not having met her earlier I doubted such a meeting would have greatly altered her present dilemma. In fact, I said in a mischievous kind of way, that had we had an earlier meeting either one of two things might most likely have happened, assuming I would have made any impression upon her at all.

First, if she had accepted as reliable what I would have told her about Zionism and its artfully disguised real objectives she would most probably have decided this was a "can of worms" she did not

need to open. She was, after all, one of America's and the world's most popular social and political commentators and there were limitless numbers of other problems — most of them more compellingly of interest to the general public than Palestine was at the time. So she might well have never followed her instincts from the horror she felt at what she saw in Germany to support of the Zionist design for Palestine.

Or, I continued, I might possibly have been so persuasive — which would have been what I would have tried to be — that she would have become publicly a champion of our viewpoint. In that event, I said, "You would be even worse off than you are now." Max, I recall guffawed at that and said, "If you knew Dorothy you would know she loves being even worse off than she is. She is at her best when she is passionately defending some lost cause. My painting is one of her favorites and, fortunately, Bell Syndicate (which syndicated her column) and *The Ladies Home Journal* (which frequently ran major articles by Dorothy) pay her well enough so she can afford me. But this," he added more soberly, "is something else again because we have evidence her former friends in the Zionist camp really mean to shut her up."

Dorothy herself just smiled and asked me to continue. I told her then that I was not surprised by her experience. Nor was I surprised at the *naiveté* which had permitted her to accept Weizmann, Lipsky and Weisgal as well-meaning "do-gooders." She was not alone. But she was "in for it" now and I could tell her only what I had told many before her. She had probably four ways to go. She could suppress what she now knew about authentic Zionist intentions and methods and continue on the circuit in Zionism's behalf. She could, I said, make a lot of money and add to her "fans" this way. She could, as a second choice, just drop out of "the problem," ignore what had happened to her and put the whole scenario down to nothing more than experience. In this event, I suggested, she could probably go merrily on her previous ways and, except for the few bruises privately suffered, be none the worse. Third, I said, she could engage the Zionist machine in polemics. Now that she knew something of what made it run she could engage in a public fight with both its aspirations and its methods. If she did, I said I felt impelled by honesty to warn her she would have a rough time. While Weizmann, Lipsky, Weisgal,

Silver and the rest would probably maintain their haughty dignity above the fray, I said, they had propaganda goons armed with lethal mimeograph machines and a legion number of near-automatons who were as innocent of the true situation as Dorothy herself had been a few short months ago. And once the godfathers of the movement sent the word and the propaganda goons began passing out the armaments the hit men would uncritically carry the cocked weapons into every lecture agency, every editorial room, every publishing house where they could muscle their way through a door.

Personally, I said, I would be delighted to have so eloquent and formidable an ally. But I could not, in all honesty, recommend the strategy as a prudent course or even one, for all of her talent, which would provide early vindication or efficacy. Finally, I said, there was a kind of "middle ground." If she was in her own mind and conscience fully committed to the proposition that the American people needed to know more than they were being told about the whole situation, she could, avoiding deliberately provocative vindictiveness and polemics, first learn a good deal more than she admitted knowing about the character of Zionism and the history of its usurpation of Arab rights. Second, she could with restraint and rigid discipline dictated by the facts, hew down the line of specific, detailed criticism and analysis. She might focus on the "refugee" problem since, in essence, it was humanitarian, although when she fully understood the history of Zionist aggression she would understand that a narrow, self-centered, parochial kind of international politics and intrigue and domestic political blackmail were the prime cause of the visible human tragedy. She could, I suggested, devote an occasional column to the problem; and although our capacity to pay for lectures was not in the same league as that of the Zionists, we would be happy if she would consider a Council meeting as a proper and respectable forum from time to time.

It would still not be easy, I told her, nor would this plan prove a panacea. But — again assuming a commitment the degree of which I could not measure — it would suggest she was not a bull in a china shop, nor a wounded vanity threshing around for vindication. Rather it would help create the image of what she really was — one of the giants of American journalism, carefully, responsibly, deliberately applying the brains and methods of serious study and first-hand

examination of facts with which she had built her reputation. And finally, I said, she might have the personal satisfaction of knowing she was helping to find a just and intelligent answer to one of the most deliberately confused and tragic problems of the world at the time.

I think they were both impressed with my low-key advice to Dorothy about what might be done about the vicious campaign with which the Zionists reacted to her advocacy of justice for the "Arab refugees." We talked a while longer and then she said, "Thank you for coming. I'll be in touch with you. I apologize again for not having seen you earlier, but there will be a long way for us to go before this problem in the Middle East is settled and I will let you know shortly what I decide to do about my own, present problem. But there is one thing I will tell you now. If they [meaning the Zionists] think they can blackmail me into either recanting or even to some silent neutrality they had better look again at my record. Period! Paragraph!"

She was as good as her word. Not more than a couple of weeks later she phoned me again.

"What do you think of *The New York Times*' crucifixion campaign on Nasser?" she began, in what I later came to recognize as a typical Thompson opener for something very much on her mind. "I want to see Turner Catledge [who was then Managing Editor] and simply ask him if he and his editorial writers ever read their own news columns before they write an editorial. Will you go with me and, if necessary, help me impress on Mr. Catledge that the *Times*' coverage of the whole problem of Palestine is something less than "all the news fit to print?'"

Dorothy's reference to the news columns was well made. Kennet Love had been the *Times*' man in Cairo for some time and, like George Weller, Ken's stories from the Egyptian capital were balanced and had some depth. He was trying to inform *Times*' readers that Nasser had some earnest hopes for improving the lot of the Arabs. There was no effort to mute the Egyptian leader's dislike for Israel but Love tried to persuade Americans there were other items on his agenda. Meanwhile, the editorial writers for the self-styled leading newspaper of the United States were painting Nasser as a kind of mono-maniacal avenger with nothing to do — and doing nothing — but plotting the extermination of "Jews."

I rather liked the idea of tagging along on Dorothy's apron-strings and I agreed to the mission to the journalistic sanctuary on West 44th Street if Dorothy could make the appointment. That done, a few days later we were ushered into the Catledge office. There *is* something about just about everyone I have ever met in the writing end of the *Times*. It must be doubted that Moses on Mt. Sinai, face-to-face with God, possessed — or assumed — an air of greater self-importance than the emanations given off by the "ink-stained wretches" who labor for *The New York Times*. Dorothy, after all—in her own right — was a more distinguished and better known journalist than Mr. Catledge. But knowledge of this—if he would acknowledge it—did not deprive the *Times*' top man at the time from exuding a patronizing manner, the dispensation of which may be part of the *Times*' contracts with its employees. Or, it may have been that my presence stimulated Mr. Catledge's patronizing-glands, for I had already established myself as something of a nuisance to those on the *Times* who were responsible for the pomposities in which much of the paper's Middle East news was written.

After the handshaking, Catledge said, addressing Dorothy rather than me, "And now Dorothy, what can I do for you?"

To which — justifiably or not in response to this not so unusual opening — my inimitable companion replied, "For *me* it is not necessary you do anything. But I have come here to see if you cannot be persuaded to do something for your general readers and for improving the integrity of the profession."

Without waiting for Catledge even to be taken aback, Dorothy then took from the copious purse she always carried, several of Ken Love's columns and a couple of the recent "Nasser is the Hitler of the Nile" editorials. She handed them to Catledge and then with the proper amount of indignation in both her voice and face, put to him the question she had told me on the phone she wanted to ask. "Turner, I simply want to ask if you and your editorial writers ever read the news columns you print before you write your editorials?"

It was a delicious moment. Considering the irrefutable evidence which Catledge had in his hands, some variation of the Fifth Amendment would have been in order. I looked at Dorothy and while Catledge was glancing over the Love columns she winked at me and smiled. The "great" man, the exemplar of journalism at its

"best," was obviously discomfitted. After a pause of a few seconds he finally said, "Dorothy, you know Kennet Love is not the source of all knowledge here, and in any event he does not write the editorials. The best minds of this newspaper meet regularly every day at conference to plan and contribute to the writing of the editorials which—in my opinion—reflect a balanced judgment of all the news together with our best thinking of the interests of our readers. And in this city, which provides the bulk of our readership, there is not much interest in Egyptian development. Most of our readers, as far as Nasser is concerned, are concerned with his attitude towards Israel and Jews. And we have no hard evidence indicating he is prepared to be reconciled to either."

It was a pretty good ploy — neither admitting any wrong by the *Times* nor promising any improvement. Rather too feebly I think, I said, "Mr. Catledge, you must know that the reputation and importance of the *Times* are based upon more than New York Zionist readership. To literally thousands it is *the* newspaper of record [which was more true twenty years ago than today] and, in a certain sense, it is the face of the United States in governmental offices around as much of the world as I have seen. There was hardly a government Minister's office anywhere I went in the Arab states where I did not see a *Times* on the desk."

To which Catledge replied, "They do not have to like our editorial policies and even Dorothy has said Love's reporting is good — probably because she likes it."

So, Dorothy's question was never really answered and this experience with American journalism failed to produce the happy ending of the "Stuffy" Walters episode.

Basil ("Stuffy") Walters and the Chicago Daily News

I had met Basil "Stuffy" Walters a few years before the incident took place. "Stuffy" was the Managing Editor of the Chicago *Daily News* and the pride of his empire was the Foreign News Department. Another of the really great spirits of American journalism — Carroll Binder — had introduced us. Carroll had really been the architect of the *Daily News* foreign department but had moved on to a new position in Minneapolis. Whenever I went to Chicago—which I did with some frequency because the

Council had a regional office there—the *Daily News* was always generous with the attention it gave me and I would usually pay at least a brief visit to "Stuffy" Walters' office.

One of the *Daily News'* most distinguished correspondents was George Weller. George was based in Rome from where he covered the Middle East with some regularity. We had met George and his wife Charlotte on a trip to Cairo and had visited them in Rome. At one point, some two or three years after Nasser's emergence as the real leader of the Egyptian revolution, George spent some extended time in Cairo. He wrote a series of stories reporting some of the Nasser government's accomplishments and some of its plans for social and economic improvement. They were sympathetic accounts, without flattery or sycophancy. In any normal situation they would have been favorably received by a somewhat limited audience of Americans who are sufficiently motivated about foreign affairs to try to understand something about the rest of the world. Those of us who knew both Nasser and Egypt — and Egypt's staggering problems — thought the Weller accounts were accurate. In about the right proportions they combined both hope for the man and caution about Egypt's ability to fulfill his aspirations. Nasser's charisma and energy were impressive. But Egypt's age-old problems were staggering — perhaps beyond the capacity of any man or group of men to solve, no matter how dedicated and determined. And George Weller, good journalist that he was, wrote of all of it.

There was however, one loud, flapping splinter in the sounding-board of the reception Chicagoans gave the Weller stories. While Weller was trying to "tell it like it was" much of the rest of America's media was labelling Nasser "the Hitler of the Nile." He was portrayed as love-making with ex-Nazis and persecuting the several thousand Jews who remained in Egypt.

The United States was experiencing a kind of love-hate relationship with the Egyptian president. It entertained the hope that because he represented a break with the past he would be willing — and able — to surmount the still smouldering "Arab" resentment at American support for the emergence of Israel and would move on to help cultivate a mutually advantageous relationship. When I was in Cairo in 1955 — a few months after

Henry Byroade had been appointed US Ambassador — Hank told me that it was not unusual for the irrepressible Nasser to phone about midnight and ask Hank to come to see him for an informal talk about some problem or other. The relationship more than compensated Hank for the unpredictable intrusions into his off-duty hours. And during this same time, Kermit Roosevelt and Miles Copeland, both senior personnel in the CIA's Middle East division, were constant confidants of the Egyptian.

None of this was exactly "top secret" and in any event the Zionist/Israel vigilantes never seemed to lack "leaks" which suggested some new tack in American policy. And the Zionist/Israel watchmen did not like what they were seeing. For there lurked the ominous possibility of a sound rapprochement between "the Arabs" and the United States. Should the possibility mature into solid relationships and even commitment, Israeli logic anticipated the dimming of Israel's luster as "America's only reliable ally in the Middle East." The mysterious, never-defined "special relationship" between the United States and Israel could become merely a conventional relationship, and considering the infinitely greater strategic aspects of Egypt, the Israeli star might even be eclipsed by a brighter star.

This was the period of the notorious Lavon affair — that untidy little episode of black 007-ism in which the Israelis dynamited American installations in Cairo and ostentatiously left little bits of evidence lying around arranged to weave a case which made it appear the action had been perpetrated by Egyptians. The idea, of course, was to nip in the bud any friendship between Nasser and the United States. The trick backfired largely because the cunning Nasser was no Farouq and the Israelis — even to this day — do not believe what they see in the "new breed" of Arab leadership. It is a commentary of sorts on the unnatural US/Israeli relationship that the general public in both countries are only dimly aware of *l'affaire Lavon*. Governments on both sides of the relationship are apparently reluctant to tell the whole truth. The Israelis cannot afford really to trust an American policy which reflects the totality of American interests to a part of the world predominantly Arab. And to this day there has been no American government prepared to trust its political fate to the

totality of the American people by putting the Zionist lobby in its place with a hard-fact evaluation of that same totality of American/Middle East interests.

Although the Lavon affair was a dud, no such palpable failure prevented the inventive Zionist machine from smearing Nasser in the American media. The ill-informed, Zionist-influenced media was a sitting duck, little more than a wide-meshed sieve for Zionism's worst slanders of the Egyptian president.

This excursion into the wheeling and dealing of international politics of the time is essential background for my account of the "Stuffy" Walters/George Weller experience; and that experience remains vivid in my own memories because to this day it stands as a classical example of an American newspaper man who meant it when he thought of himself as "free" and "independent."

When the Weller reports of Nasser and Egypt began to appear in the Chicago *Daily News* they generated the expectable Zionist reaction. One day, as "Stuffy" Walters told me the story, a delegation of Zionist advertisers called upon him. The spokesman began by saying they felt sure Mr. Walters was not informed about the malevolent Nasser who was acting very much like a Nazi. And George Weller must be in the hire of Egyptian public relations. His columns about Nasser were fabrications and, given who Nasser was and what he was doing to the State of Israel and Egyptian Jews, the "Jewish community" of Chicago was offended. If Mr. Walters did not do something either about Weller, or at least about printing Weller's reports, the *Daily News* stood to lose some attractive advertising accounts.

"Gentlemen," Walters told me he replied, "you are in the wrong department of this newspaper. You are looking for the Advertising Manager and I am the Managing Editor. To that information I will add one bit of advice, speaking as a journalist. You take your advertising problems to the Advertising Manager. But if — as I do not think he will — the Advertising Manager comes to me with this problem you think you have about George Weller, I will write one last editorial for the *Daily News*. I will repeat, in precisely your words as I remember them, your conversation here. I will list every one of your names and the business you represent; and I will — in what might be my last

service for this paper — publish that editorial on page 1. Now, the elevator to the Advertising Manager's office is down the corridor and to the left. Good day, Gentlemen."

"Do you know," Stuffy continued, breaking into a grin, "the Advertising Manager never heard from those people, nor did anyone else, to my knowledge. And George finished his series on Nasser and Egypt and the paper is still here and so am I. Also," the Managing Editor added, "if any of those who called upon me have discontinued using the *Daily News* for their advertising, I have not heard about it."

Innocence Lost

So, after about a dozen years, I finally passed the age of innocence. That many years earlier I had begun, motivated by the fundamentals of Judaism and American democracy as I saw it at its best. These were still powerful motivations. But both experience and research together with some sophistication in formulating conclusions now converged to persuade me the ideals and theories of a dozen years earlier were anything but self-implementing. I now knew Zionism from the inside out and in the following years I often felt I could have made a better Zionist speech than a number of my opponents in debates. I had no illusions left about American politicians. As long as they could have the best of both worlds — Zionist support at home and even short-term security for American interests in the Middle East — they would engage in the games which would fool enough of the people enough of the time. Jews, I knew, fundamentally rejected Zionist nationality. But it was skilfully masqueraded for them. Enormous pressures operated against any who penetrated the masquerade and then became sufficiently motivated to reject publicly the unwanted second "functional nationality." And the well-paid politicians encouraged the feeling that nothing needed to be done anyhow. In the canned, political rhetoric, Israel soon became the "bastion of democracy" and the "ally of the United States" in the Middle East. And finally, I continued to despair that the Arabs would ever conceive the need for and mount an informational presentation of their case on a scale commensurate with the size and complexity of the American

public. None of these negatives persuaded me to "defect," or even merely to acquiesce quietly. But if I had ever entertained hopes, bordering on the euphoric, about some eventual "breakthrough," I was now relieved of this illusion. By the time of the 1956 Suez War I had fully matured in my own approaches to that event and to the total problem.

SUEZ

In itself, the 1956 Suez War was no surprise. The "crisis" over the Canal had been building steadily and Dulles became more and more irritable about Nasser's "neutralism" and resistance to any plan which, in the slightest, might even appear to dilute Egyptian sovereignty. But the parties to the war were, in a sense, a surprise. At least to Americans. Dulles gave the impression of being, at the same time, the most nimble in suggesting accommodations and the most inflexible about retaining some big power "rights" in the Canal's future. And whatever American intelligence did know of the "conspiracy," with Israel in the role of stalking-horse, was carefully concealed even from people like myself who had friendly and fairly high level contacts in the Department of State.

Our organizational position was fairly "neutral" or — as Mr. Kissinger some years later might have said — "tilting" towards the Arabs. I recall arguing in some public addresses that according to Article 10 of the 1888 treaty Egypt had a right to close the Canal to Israel. And I defended, also publicly, Nasser's right to nationalize the Canal since he had agreed to a fair market-price compensation for the Canal Company's stock.

Beyond such opinions we made no substantive observations about the war itself. Our own strategy, with world attention focused on Suez, was to urge examination of the fundamental issues in the Palestine problem. That kind of overview was a logical lead-in to energetic support of the Eisenhower efforts to compel Israeli withdrawal from the Sinai, weeks after the cease-fire and the retirement of the French and British forces.

During Eisenhower's pursuit of this objective I experienced another small but striking example of how — with firm and compassionate leadership — the United States could overcome

"Zionist" fabricated sentiment and serve its own national interests. In February of 1957, Ruth and I were vacationing in Havana for a few days and had then flown over to Key West, Florida. Key West boasted only one fairly respectable hotel in those days. It was heavily populated with Jews, largely from the eastern seaboard. The day we arrived it was announced Eisenhower would make an important statement that night with respect to the continuing Israeli occupation of Sinai. The hotel management moved a television set out to the large veranda of the hotel and just about every guest gathered around at the scheduled time. We knew no one there and no one — so far as we knew — knew us. We listened attentively to the President. When he finished speaking, we moved unobtrusively — and silently — through the crowd of perhaps 50-60 people. We listened — and did not volunteer any opinions of our own, even to each other. The spontaneous, off-guard, unrehearsed reactions were interesting enough for me to remember for years after and to recommend my describing the experience on occasions when someone would say, "American politicians cannot really do anything in the Middle East because of 'Jewish' pressures."

"What else could he do?" was the most frequent reaction. "Not so bad," was the slightly less than full approval. We heard none offer enthusiastic support. But neither did we hear any heated rejection. And, in fact, as Ben-Gurion bowed to the inevitable there was very little of the usual Zionist clamor.

Chapter IV

THE YEARS BETWEEN

The ten years after the Suez war — from this distance in time — are rather blurred. We made two or three trips to the Middle East. Each was valuable in terms of deepening our understanding of the Arabs and in making new contacts, both among Arabs and among Americans (and other Westerners) living in the area.

One development — which we perceived only gradually over those years — was the increasingly visible interest in "the problem" in Europe. We developed friends in London, Paris and the Hague, particularly; and visits to Europe ceased to be simply pleasure jaunts. Now, there were always several lectures, once in a while a television exposure and much good talk and camaraderie with new friends who with the greatest generosity began to regard me as a weathered and experienced veteran. The experiences had a practical value. They suggested that people in the countries allied to the United States often felt more free to act than the average cross-section of Americans. Zionism had run its course in Western Europe. National interests were, more and more, recommending a dilution of what had formerly been policies as much, if not more, pro-Zionist or Israeli than we had experienced in the United States. Only in Holland was there a strong sense of alienation from our anti-Zionist position; and in that country the motivation was essentially theological, reinforced with an enormous sense of guilt and shock for what had happened to Holland's Jews during the war with Hitler.

I was able to use all of these experiences in our continuing work in the United States. There was no evidence in the United States of

any great concern with "the problem" — and little surface interest. For a time we hoped Kennedy might move to break the stalemate which was neither peace nor war. Some of my friends at the Department of State were involved in writing "position papers" — lending to the hope. At one point several of these official friends suggested they thought it would be constructive if I were to have a private, informal hour or so with the President at his retreat home in nearby Virginia. I was, of course, excited at the prospect. The proper memoranda were written and worked their way some distance up the bureaucracy. The prospects, I was told, were good. "If it comes off," these friends said, "the President will probably take off his shoes and match you martini with martini while he listens — and he is a superb listener." Unfortunately the exciting possibility became part of the tragic debris and the "might-have-been" speculations after that fateful day in Dallas.

These were also the years of the greatest wastage of Arab opportunities to cultivate a broad-based American understanding of their position. I remember once telling my very good friend Muhammad El-Kony, Egypt's respected and genteel Ambassador to the UN, that "the Egyptians must be crazy." The High Dam at Aswan was progressing. More and more Egyptians were moving into responsible positions in the work corps. "My God!" I remember saying to him one day in his very hospitable home. "If the Israelis were doing this job there would have to be a new cargo fleet to transport the human interest stories, the pictures, the economic promise, the heavenly miracle which had been wrought."

Cracks in the Support of Zionism

There were a few rather subtle pluses in that decade of superficial "calm" between 1956 and 1967. Those were the only years when we had an opportunity to see what might happen to both Israel and the American Zionist movement in a period without spectaculars or crises. I held to my strong commitment that, despite their financial support and their assent by silence to the noisy Zionist lobby's political actions, American Jews had not been Zionized. Accordingly, I was not surprised that the decade of relative calm

did invite cracks in what, for a long time, had looked like deeply-felt and highly committed support. The artificiality of the Zionist state's economy became increasingly apparent. It also became clear that not even the pressure-cooker policies of the state could make a nation out of Jews with backgrounds as diverse as those from Germany, Middle Europe, Yemen, Iraq and North Africa. There were escalating troubles within the Zionist state between its "Oriental" (really Arab) Jews and self-perpetuating "elitists" from Middle Europe who had been the dominant power in Zionism and who designed to retain control of the power-centers even though they were no longer a majority of the population. More than once some well acculturated American Jews who a few years previously had denounced the Council — and me in particular — as "an enemy of the Jewish people" were now rudely shaken by the battle of strange voices emanating from "Zion." I recall once speaking with some sympathy for the "black" Jews of Israel and a prominent New York Jew who had frequently tried to "put me down" became rather unhinged. He was, I knew, uncomfortable with my agreement that the Ashkenazi treatment of the Arab Jews was probably a rather predictable phenomenon in a state led by people bred and reared in the strongly ethnic-conscious lands of Central Europe. Most of these philanthropists-cum-Zionists in the United States had persuaded themselves that the Jews they were "saving" in Israel were replicas of their bridge or golfing partners. Only these "unfortunates" — or their ancestors — had "missed" the boats which had transported the American Jews to the plenitude of the United States. And when even *The New York Times* began to carry reports of "Oriental" Jews organizing protests and riots against such exemplars of "Jewish" peoplehood and "Jewish" democracy as Ben-Gurion or Levi Eshkol it was a development of such cataclysmic dimensions it sent chills down usually complacent "Zionist" spines. The Arab Jews who were, by the early 1960's, a majority or nearly a majority of the "homeland," were simply not "our kind of Jews." Not that Ben-Gurion, or Dayan or Eshkol were either. But the "rulers" had all the advantages of smooth Zionist P.R. In public — in the States — their conduct reflected little of the Zionist in-fighting and parochialism which was clearly evident in records of the Zionist

Congresses. Only Abba Eban of the dulcet voice and the Oxonian accent was the fully accepted social lion at cocktail parties and every Hadassah member's dream-boat "Jewish" diplomat.

There were some tangible indices that the unpleasantness simmering in Israel was having a moderately dampening impact on the exuberance of American Jews. Contributions to the United Jewish Appeal began to shrink. More Jews were either leaving Israel — or trying to — than were entering it. Despite this fact UJA propaganda continued to stress "rescue" and the need for increasing, not decreasing, support.

There was no landslide to anti-Zionism. The alterations in attitudes were not all that cerebral and certainly not so systematic. But support for and defense of Zionism became slightly limp. It was *possible* to talk facts and figures and at least a little logic without being "rebutted" by sheer near-hysterical emotion or an ignorance in which the possessor often luxuriated because it was so pleasantly warm, provincial and comfortably self-justifying.

The Crown and the King

The simmering-down extended even to some of the nation's newspapers; and thereby hangs a tale which is one of the most interesting, in some ways humorous and revelatory of all my years of barnstorming. Ruth and I were in Los Angeles for a meeting of the local Council group. We were staying at the Beverly Hilton hotel which, even in those days some fifteen years ago, charged in the neighborhood of $40 a day for an ordinary room. I had had an interview with a reporter from the *Los Angeles Times*. I expected little by way of either column inches, accuracy of reporting or sympathetic interpretations. Los Angeles/Hollywood was, after all, a pushover for the gang-buster Israelis even before Leon Uris and "Exodus," and the susceptibility of that normally wacky community was not limited to its Jews. The general, black/white, hero/villain, cultist-religion mentality extended to the metropolis' dominant newspaper. But to my pleasant amazement, the day following the interview, the *Times* carried nearly a full column, well-written and accurate beyond fault.

I was even more pleased when, toward the middle of the morning

our phone began ringing. There were the usual cranks, opining the original wish that "You should drop dead," or "What are you trying to do? Take over Hitler's old job?" But there were also a surprising number of appreciative calls. Many of them informed me, "I never knew there were Jews who hold such opinions." A few even asked how they might join the Council.

It was one of these friendly calls that proved to be a prelude to one of the most interesting encounters I had ever had.

It began, as I remember, something like this: "Dr. Berger, you may or may not know me. My name is Henry Crown. I am a kind of junior partner of Conrad Hilton. I am staying here in the hotel and I read the article about you in this morning's paper. My home is in Chicago but I come frequently to New York and I have several times promised myself that on one of my visits I would call you and try to arrange for us to meet. Now that you and I are both here, would it be possible for you to spare a few minutes sometime today?"

The name did not mean anything to me at that very moment, nor did the quiet modestly insinuated association with Conrad Hilton. Neither would have made any difference in any event. I was always glad for an opportunity to talk seriously about "the problem" and particularly in a one-to-one relationship which I enjoyed more than lecturing to audiences, large or small. So, without difficulty, the meeting was arranged for the afternoon.

I gave no particular thought to this one call as I busied myself with still others and some paper work for the rest of the morning. I had a luncheon date, arranged several days earlier, with the chairman of the local Council group. It was always difficult to give much satisfaction to these hewers of wood and drawers of water who were really very often rather heroic figures as they both advocated and defended the anti-Zionist view. Many a social evening or golf date would become an acrimonious and unpleasant experience. They were far removed from "headquarters." We did the best we could to provide both in-depth background information and interpretations of current developments. But for all their dedication to principle, they were busy most of every day with *their* jobs and very few developed the facility and the solid self-confidence to be comfortable in one of the dogfights which

their Zionist (and more often their so-called "non-Zionist") friends frequently initiated. So, I thought, it would be encouraging to my luncheon partner if I told him of the busy telephone that morning, stimulated by the good *Times'* story which he had already seen. In the course of my report I mentioned my up-coming appointment with Henry Crown. I added the bit of identifying information Mr. Crown had provided me, "a kind of junior partner of Conrad Hilton."

My luncheon companion was one of those ex-middle Americans, originally from Chicago himself, who had been attracted to the population magnet which southern California had become.

"That *has* to be *the* Henry Crown," my friend said. "And if you could persuade him to support us, it would be a real coup.

"The family *is* General Dynamics and Henry Crown once bought — and then sold — the Empire State Building, all by himself. Anyhow, it is all to the good that he sought you out and the meeting alone would be worth your trip out here."

The information put a rather keen edge of anticipation on the afternoon's appointment. It suggested that more people of stature than we knew — more than those already in the Council's ranks — were listening and had heard, despite strenuous Zionist efforts to contain us or flagrantly to misrepresent us where their containment procedures sprang leaks.

At the appointed time I went to the appointed "rooms."

"Come in," said the tall, rather handsome, white-haired man who opened the door. "I'm on a long distance call. Please go out on the terrace and sit down and I'll be with you in a few moments. Meanwhile, you may be interested in this little clipping from today's *Chicago Tribune.*" He handed me the article, ushered me to the door leading to the terrace and returned to his telephone call.

I still recall, as I looked about a king-size living room, a small dining area with kitchenette and an obvious bedroom, that I was amused at the thought we were paying $40 a day for an ordinary Hilton Hotel room. And then I remembered the whole set-up was probably "on the house," since Conrad Hilton was "a partner."

I proceeded to read the newspaper clipping Mr. Crown had handed me. It said that Chicago was dedicating a small park to the memory of his father; and in a few compressed paragraphs it

reviewed the Horatio Alger story of his father's life — except that Mr. Crown Senior had been no "all American boy," as a starter. He had immigrated to New York where he landed with a few dollars. After an appropriate time for evaluating his chances in the Big City, he had purchased a bicycle and ridden it to Chicago. There, like so many of his contemporaries, he had begun by buying and selling "junk" — old materials to be "re-cycled," long before anyone had thought of the term and in the days when conspicuous consumption and built-in obsolescence were not yet part of the "free enterprise" system. In ways short-handed by the newspaper story, the individual peddlar had grown to a "business" and through still other ways not specified, the "business" had been parlayed into essential control of General Dynamics. The family had not been unmindful of its blessings, sharing them with the city, and now the city was dedicating a park to the Crown patriarch. It was a heart-warming story and when the present Mr. Crown appeared on the terrace I expressed my admiration.

He began the meaty part of our conversation by saying, "I thank you for coming. Before we go any farther I think I owe it to you to tell you that in my time I have given hundreds of thousands of dollars to the UJA. I have bought a lot of Israeli Bonds and, from time to time, I am the recipient of testimonials at dinners where others — presumably in honor of me — come to contribute more to the UJA or to buy more bonds. And you may not want to stay any longer to visit with me."

He rather smiled as he recited these credentials, but I also thought I detected a note of genuine uncertainty. After all, since he *had* heard about me, not everything he had heard would have been "civilized" and there was little reason to doubt that among the hearsays had been an abundance from those who made me out a "terrorist" — at least temperamentally and intellectually.

"Those," I said, "are some of the things I rather anticipated we might talk about. So, just go ahead without any apologies because whether we end up in agreement, or not, it is important that you are willing to talk at all about these matters which most Jews consider some kind of taboo."

"I do not consider myself a Zionist," Crown then continued. "In fact I know very little about Zionism, or anti-Zionism. I know

some of your people in Chicago and they are people of stature. They would not, I think, be involved with you in anything frivolous because they are not known to be frivolous people. So, perhaps you would begin by telling me what you see Zionism to be and why you and your associates are willing to put forth such strenuous — and unpopular — efforts to oppose it."

The dramatic story of his father's arrival in the United States and the spectacular achievements of the family were fresh in my mind; and in one of those instinctive reactions which are sometimes more to be trusted than a deliberately designed exposition, I said, "Mr. Crown, the newspaper clipping about the park dedicated to your father's memory is a moving story. In the ultimate, Zionism would say it could never happen to a Jew in America; or, if it did happen, it cannot possibly last." And for the next ten or fifteen minutes I tried, in simple language, to explain Zionist ideology to him, beginning with Herzl's assessment of the endemic character of anti-Semitism and ending with Ben-Gurion's transmutation of Herzl's negativism to the theme of Zionist patriotism which dictated that American Jews now had an obligation to send their children to the Zionist state.

He listened very attentively and almost without interruption. When I had finished my primer-course "lecture" he said, "I have not been able to articulate it as you have just done. But at least in recent months I have rather resented the inferences that what contributions my family and I make are of a quality different from the obligations we feel generally to share some of our blessings with less fortunate people. Now I think I begin to understand a kind of resentment for which I have really been unable to account. It is not the money that has troubled us, but exactly something about the way the money has been solicited — or "expected" might be a more accurate word.

This response provided an opportunity for me to explain, in some detail, the operations of the United Jewish Appeal and the complicated system of wheels within wheels with which the Zionist bureaucrats had over the years been able to mesh this "voluntary American charity" into the machinery of the Israeli governmental structure.

"You know," I said to him, "in all respect, men like yourself are

largely to blame. You who say you are not a Zionist give munificent gifts to funds largely controlled by the Zionist movement. You are 'too busy' really to investigate what is done with those funds. Even more, precisely because you give, others are influenced to give also, applying no more critical appraisal to their generosity than you. And, in the final test, if what others do with your money is something distasteful to you, or even contrary to your convictions, then your charity becomes an act flawed by what approaches social irresponsibility."

He took it very well, only reminding me that he was not yet certain that what he was supporting was either sufficiently distasteful to him or contrary to the things in which he believed. And — perhaps not wishing to press my luck in what had been a very civil and mutually respectful conversation — I did not pursue his more personal attitudes further.

I did not want to over-stay my welcome and so, suggesting I had another appointment, I began the ceremony of taking my leave.

"Before you leave," my genial host replied, "I must tell you of a recent experience.

"You may know that until a short time ago I owned the Empire State Building," he said without either pretense or apology. "And when King Hussein of Jordan was in New York he expressed the desire to see the building and the skyline of New York from the observation platform. It happened I was also in New York at the time of the King's visit and my manager for the building phoned to tell me when the King would be arriving.

"'Wouldn't you like to join him and give him a personally conducted tour?' he asked.

"I jumped at the chance to meet a king and was at the building at the appointed time and welcomed the King and his entourage and accompanied him throughout the tour. At the entrance, as he was ready to depart, the King said to me, 'Mr. Crown, thank you for your personal courtesy. If you are ever in our part of the world, please let me know. I would be honored to reciprocate your hospitality.'

"On my way back to the office the King's invitation kept running through my mind. I wonder if he knows I'm Jewish, I said to myself. And so, as soon as I reached my office I phoned my

manager at the Empire State and said, 'You heard the King invite me to visit him if I am ever in the Middle East. I may go sometime and I would be glad to visit Jordan and see the King again. But I wonder if he knows I am a Jew.'

"'Well, I don't know that he does,' the manager replied, 'but I'll try to find out.'

"So, my manager called the Jordan Ambassador to the United Nations, who had been in the King's party."

"What did the Ambassador say?" I asked.

"He said he didn't know if the King knew I was Jewish, but he probably did and was sure it would make no difference and the invitation stands.

"So, I said to my manager, 'I don't want to know what the Ambassador thinks, I want to know what the King knows!'" Crown continued.

The manager then phoned the Jordan Embassy in Washington where the King was expected the next day. He conveyed to someone in the embassy Mr. Crown's curiosity about the King's knowledge of Crown's ancestry and religious beliefs.

"By this time," Crown continued to me with a laugh, "if the King had not known in the beginning I was Jewish he certainly did now. I returned to Chicago and a day or so later my Empire State Building manager called me again and said, 'It is now confirmed the King knows you are a Jew. He sends you his appreciation again for having accompanied him on the tour of the building and he has reaffirmed his invitation to you to visit him if you are ever in the neighborhood of Jordan.'"

I thought that would be the happy — but to me not so surprising — end of the story. The misrepresentation of the attitudes of individual Arabs to at least individual Jews had been rife in the United States. Even airlines had been infected with Zionist propaganda and, at one point, our office began to receive an almost distracting number of telephone calls from Jews who had been advised by TWA or Pan Am ticket agents or a travel agency that Jews could not obtain visas to some Arab state; or, if they insisted upon travel to these states, these people had been advised to lie about their religious identification. This whole business with visas had been one of the small "wars" I (and other friends of mine

and of "the Arabs") had waged and won. Eventually, most of the Arab states dropped the inquiry about religion entirely. Those of us who had considered the haphazardly applied exclusion of Jews to be stupid public relations from the beginning and without any practical advantages at all, had often been told the reason for the "ban" was because Jews would come back with terrible misrepresentations of conditions in these Arab lands. My friends and I insisted if the formulators and appliers of these regulations would just read the general American and/or European press, or watch the television, they would soon learn that what we agreed were prejudicial reports about Arab countries were no monopolies of Jews. And, I had on a number of occasions expedited visas to Arab countries for a number of Jews by simply providing the information that the people in question were not, to my best knowledge, Zionists and certainly not Zionists in any important way. So, I was not surprised that Hussein, having met this urbane intelligent Jew, had responded with rather typical Arab courtesy to the courtesy Crown had offered him.

But that was *not* the end of Crown's story nor, as it turned out, the point he had in mind telling me the story.

"I was not yet completely satisfied," he continued. "The idea of going to Jordan really intrigued me but I was unsure it would be both a safe and a pleasant trip. So, I called my friend the Israeli Consul General in Chicago and told him this whole story as I am telling it to you.

"'Do you recommend,' I asked him, 'that if I go to the Middle East sometime I should accept the King's invitation?'"

I was amused at the innocent way in which this statesman of American industry had put the Consul General on the spot. Here was a man who regularly contributed substantial sums to the financial pool out of which the Consul General's salary was paid, a man whose prestige was an asset to the Consul General's country and this man now — quite obviously — wanted an encouraging answer to his question. In fact, this man thought there was something hopeful and even constructive in this brief, personal encounter between a ruler of an Arab state and an American Jew.

But the Consul General was a resourceful man and he counted upon his resourcefulness and the *naïveté* of even so sophisticated

an American Jew as Henry Crown where Jewish sensitivities and that most sensitive of sensitivities, the State of Israel, were concerned.

"'No,'" Crown reported to me, the Israeli functionary had told him, "'if I were you I would not count on the King's invitation. In the first place, the King would be embarrassed if you were to appear in Jordan and expect him to receive you, a Jew. For such an appointment would almost certainly become public knowledge. And secondly, you would be embarrassed. One of the things you would almost certainly be expected to do would be to visit one of the refugee camps. And, as a supporter of Israel, that would be an embarrassing experience even though neither you nor we are responsible.'

"And so, until now I have not considered going to Jordan.

"Now I want to ask you," Crown said pointedly to me, "if I had known you at the time and asked your advice, what would you have said?"

"Mr. Crown," I replied, "My answer would be simple but would have consisted of two parts. On the basis of my personal experiences I would have advised you to go. But I would really not have left it at this. You are the kind of man who could pick up a telephone and call directly to either the Secretary of State or even the President; and while I have more than a few disagreements with general American policy in the Middle East, these men who are American statesmen, I am positive, would have applauded the development and encouraged you to go. They might even have suggested a few things for you to talk about with the King.

"The Israeli Consul General's advice, on the other hand, was not motivated by any genuine concern for you as an American. In the first place kings — even in this late day for them — are not so easily embarrassed and it is nonsense to believe Hussein, who has more reasons for embarrassment than you could provide, would in any way be disturbed by an audience with you. Secondly, you *might* have been embarrassed, or at least disquieted, by the refugee camps. But what the Israeli was really saying to you was that if firsthand knowledge of the camps and the experiences of some of those who live there as I have heard them, had disturbed you, the embarrassment eventually would have ended up in the lap of the Israeli government's representative in Chicago. So I still do not

really understand why you, a prominent American, did not go to the proper authorities of your own government if you were really serious about how to respond to the King's invitation."

I can describe my reaction to Mr. Crown's reply only as one of genuine surprise and consternation. "You know," he said simply, "I just never thought of it."

"And you know, Mr. Crown," I had the presence of mind to reply, "you say you are not a Zionist and I believe you. But because you are a Jew you have somehow been brain-washed to take any problem concerning the State of Israel to some other Jew or to an officer of the Israeli government instead of to your own government. That is an increment to Zionism which delights the architects of Zionism."

"You know," he said to me as I finally rose to go, "you bother me."

To which I replied, "I am glad. Most Americans — and not only Jews — need to be bothered more than anyone has been able to bother them yet about what we have done both in the Middle East and about the way in which, by acquiescence, we have allowed so foreign an ideology as Zionism to lead American Jews like yourself.

"I have enjoyed our visit. Please, if you continue to be bothered, let me hear from you again. I do not have all the answers and even those I think I have may not be fully acceptable to you. But you owe it to yourself—and the things I think you believe—to explore this whole problem much more thoroughly than I think you have. If I can help, I would be grateful for the opportunity."

"You know," he concluded, "you have embarrassed me without meaning to do so. I must try to find some way to help you without appearing to walk away from everything I have done publicly in this situation in Chicago for all these years. I must confess I cannot stand up among my friends and say *mea culpa.*"

"I understand," I said. "If you do find a way I can assure you your help is both needed and would be greatly appreciated. But you will have to resolve this problem yourself."

With that I thanked him again and took my leave.

I once wrote him a very short note, casually inquiring if he had

thought about the problem anymore and reminding him I would be happy to see him any time he came to New York or when I might be in Chicago. But I never heard from Henry Crown again.

Nevertheless, after all these years, I feel indebted to this man. I think that what transpired that day on the terrace of Henry Crown's Beverly Hilton suite is a classic story. Henry Crown, big giver to the UJA and big purchaser of State of Israel Bonds, was no Zionist. Busy with all the immediacies of his very busy life and blessed with very large amounts of money, he had been flattered, misled, perhaps even rather willingly arm-twisted into giving money — and more importantly, his name — to causes he only dimly understood. His conscience bothered him because some of the things he saw (or perhaps only felt) appeared contrary to his best instincts and to some of his intellectualized convictions. Our conversation was really just happenstance. It was a brief interlude in the steady, persistent sweep of the tide which had carried him, almost without any perception of what was happening to him, to the point where in matters of relationship to a state he regarded as foreign to himself as I considered it to me, he nevertheless — automatically — went to a functionary of that state to ask advice instead of to his own government. The years have not diminished the warm and empathetic reaction I had to this gracious, modest "captain of industry" taking a moment out of his life to search for answers in an area where all too many were satisfied with the Zionist/Israel catechism. Nor have the years altered my belief that the story of Henry Crown and the King brilliantly dramatized the pernicious influence Zionism has almost subliminally had upon the vast numbers of American Jews who still insist the foreign, alienating ideology has not really affected their lives.

Senator Fulbright

Speaking of subliminal influence reminds me that it was about 1962 when I first had the opportunity to meet Senator Fulbright personally. From time to time the Junior Senator from Arkansas had spoken in the Senate about what he — and many of us — considered excesses of Zionist pressure upon the legislative processes or about some demonstration of Zionist muscle at a time

of tension between Israel and one or another of the Arabs states, or between Israel and the United States. One example I recall was a fairly explicit condemnation of a Zionist effort to organize the eastern seaboard longshoremen to boycott the unloading of ships as a protest against Nasser's restrictions on Israeli shipping transitting the Suez Canal. The proposed boycott was intended to incite American policy-makers to take some form of reprisal against the Egyptian leader. Fulbright was eloquent in condemning the idea of permitting pressure groups, operating unilaterally with whatever tools came to hand, to determine foreign policy. When he criticized US/Israel policies—or any other specific American policy — he was always meticulous about putting his criticisms in the context of the fundamental, general principles in which he viewed the total, world scene and his judgement of the American role in this scene. And he consistently cautioned against the danger of special interest groups distorting both the landscape vision and American responsibilities in any specific sector as seen in a distorted perspective.

Occasionally I wrote him supportive letters and sent him some of my own writings. It was once reported to me that on the occasion of a visit to Cairo where he met Nasser, the Egyptian president told Fulbright of his deep pessimism over the American people's inability ever to come to any fair understanding of "the Arabs." Nasser therefore had little hope that any American leadership would contribute significantly to a just settlement of the problem of Palestine. According to the story, as told to me by an American who had accompanied the Senator, Fulbright agreed that American public opinion had been disastrously distorted by Zionist propaganda. But he also spoke of me to Nasser to suggest there were Americans — Jews to boot — who held and advocated views which were objective, fair and, in Fulbright's mind, consistent with American interests and mutual US/Arab respect. I do not know if the story is true but I enjoy believing it is, not only because it was flattering to think so distinguished an American knew enough about our work to recommend it, but also because I believe history will some day assign J. William Fulbright the place of vision and distinguished, creative statesmanship to which I think he is entitled.

One day in 1962, Carl Marcy, the perennial Chief of Staff of the Senate's Committee on Foreign Relations, phoned me. Could I come to Washington sometime soon and meet with some of his staff and, perhaps, with the Chairman as well? He would prefer not to discuss details on the phone, but he assured me the reason for the request was of some importance and relevant to my own interests.

I accepted eagerly and with more than a little curiosity. When I met with Marcy and several others of the Committee's administrative staff they told me Fulbright had long been concerned about a number of "lobbies" which he believed were operating in violation of the Foreign Agents Registration Act, either because of weaknesses in the law or because of ineffective supervision and enforcement. Marcy emphasized that this was not to be a witch-hunt targeted at the Zionist operation. But the Jewish Agency/Zionist lobby would probably be included along with a number of others whom the staff and Fulbright regarded with some suspicion. Would I, Marcy asked, be willing to share with the staff whatever raw material I had which might help them decide about the Zionist activities in the United States and also add any analytical and interpretive material I thought might be pertinent? I, of course, readily agreed. Marcy then phoned Fulbright's office and told him I was there and had agreed to provide whatever we had and the Senator said if I could wait a few minutes he would come to the Committee's meeting room where we had been conferring and would like to meet me.

He stayed only a few minutes, told me he had known of our work, admired it and thanked me for the offer to try to be helpful in the Committee's efforts. He, too, emphasized that while — if the preliminary examination of the evidence warranted it — the Zionist operations would be included, the purpose of the contemplated investigation would be to strengthen the Foreign Agents Registration statute and not to discredit any of the "foreign principals" which might be involved. "But," he added, "if our hunches are correct, I suspect there will be some interesting disclosures."

When I returned to New York I filled a large packing case with a variety of newspaper clippings, magazine articles, copies of

constitutions and by-laws of various Zionist organizations. I added some charts we had prepared from time to time, demonstrating the meshing of American Zionist operations with the World Zionist Organization/Jewish Agency and, of more recent years, with the Israeli government. Neither Fulbright nor any of Marcy's staff nor any of the sub-committee staff charged with the investigation contacted me again. The progress of the "Hearings" was reported sporadically in some of the major newspapers. But, as both the staff and the Senator had advised me, the first "lobbyists" called to testify were not connected with the Zionist establishment. The Dominican Republic, for example, was among those earlier witnesses and the thrust of the questioning, while often embarrassing to the "lobbyists," was clearly an effort to close loop-holes in the Foreign Agents Registration Act or to amend the statute so it would more efficaciously serve the purpose for which it had been conceived — to label clearly all activities of "foreign" lobbyists so Americans would be aware that when they were exposed to publicity campaigns or solicited for any kind of financial or political support the intiative had come from a "foreign principal."

Finally, the committee subpoenaed Zionist witnesses and documents. The record was published in two parts in 1963 as *Hearings on Activities of Non-Diplomatic Representatives of Foreign Principals in the United States Before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations.* Parts 9 and 12 are concerned with Zionist activities in the United States. Nine "cases" in all were examined. The introduction to the printed record stated these had been selected because "the committee believed" those called to testify had engaged in "a range of activities" which were "inimical to the interests of the United States and should be dealt with in new legislation."

Some newspaper reports "summarized" the evidence but were either superficial or, like the summary in *Time* magazine, as I recall, "supercilious." The curtain line of the *Time* report ran something like, "American Jews are subsidizing an operation which has as its ultimate objective the expatriation of the contributors themselves."

But the real significance of the evidence ran much deeper than this tongue-in-cheek indictment of the "intelligence" of

contributors to the UJA and other obvious Zionist fronts. From published Zionist propaganda and from subpoenaed "secret" files, the record disclosed that the Jewish Agency (the acknowledged "foreign principal") had penetrated a large number of "American" organizations, had laundered a good deal of "charity" funds and created an imposing number of "fronts." The devious machinations of the managers of this Zionist network were so intricate that at one point Fulbright threw up his hands and, for the record, complained he had never before seen anything like the bewildering tangle of proliferated organizations.

It was difficult to obtain copies of the Government Printing Office's official publication of record. We scrounged as many as we could and distributed them as widely as possible; and we wrote a number of analytical articles which we also distributed widely. Consistent with the hush-hush policies of the media where Zionist hanky-panky was concerned however, the whole, cynical flouting of American law aroused comparatively little curiosity and less furore.

Once the hearings were over and the record published I contacted Fulbright again. He was aware of our efforts to share the record with wider segments of the American people. His years in the Senate — and his occasional efforts to arouse some widespread interest among his colleagues in what he regarded as the excessive influence of the Zionist lobby — had made him somewhat more stoical, less susceptible to disappointment than I. I invited him to address our Annual Conference in 1961. After some hesitation he accepted, but added the proviso he would not discuss the "hearings" because — he reminded me — his principle objective had been to make the Foreign Agents Registration Act more effective and he believed the legislation which was to be submitted to the Congress would still be in debate by the time of our Conference. He would not, he said, want to prejudice the Congressional deliberations by emphasizing the part of the record in which we were most interested. I still thought it would be a feather in the Council's cap to have him speak and so I agreed.

I had the privilege of introducing him that night and was pleased when, at the end of the evening, he asked me for a copy of my introduction. Then a few of us went with him to his suite at the

Plaza Hotel in New York where, in private, we discussed the hearings. He thanked me again for the mass of raw material I had sent the Committee and asked me if I did not recognize some of the questions put to the Zionist witnesses that had been drawn from this material, which, of course, I had. I then asked him why, at certain places in the hearings, he had dropped an obvious line of questioning before pressing the matter to a more definitive conclusion.

He reminded me again that his original purpose had not been to prosecute the Zionist establishment but rather to extract and make public information which would illustrate both the weaknesses of the Foreign Agent's Registration Act itself, as well as the derelictions in the Department of Justice's administration and application of the law. Furthermore, he added that the Senate's appropriation for funding the hearings was running out and he doubted seriously he could have obtained additional funds to extend the hearings.

This led me to ask what reaction, if any, he had had from his colleagues, in addition to those which were obvious in the record.

"Aha!" he said, "at the end of each day of the hearings, four or five of those who were aware of what was happening would come up to me in the cloak room and say, 'Bill, you are really doing a first-rate job in those hearings.'

"Then I would often say, 'Thank you. The next time there is an issue before the Senate in which the Zionist lobby is clearly throwing its weight around, I hope now you will use some of this evidence in a speech for the record.'"

And then he smiled (I thought rather sardonically) and added, "To a man the almost invariable response to this suggestion was, 'Oh, come on Bill, you know I am not about to stir things up back home by any such reckless action.'"

To the Zionists, of course, "Bill" Fulbright was Legislative Enemy Number One. They did everything in their power to defeat him in his last bid for election in 1974. How much they actually contributed to his defeat I do not know. But whatever the intricacies of Arkansas politics which unseated him, the United States lost (at least for the time being) the man whom history may well determine was its preeminent statesman for his years of long and distinguished

tenure as Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate. He was not a manipulator like Kissinger, nor a secretive schemer like Nixon. Long before others made any public record of vision, Fulbright peered through the fogs of cold war-ism and the arrogance of power to the emergent, disorderly world of new nations and the heightened national self-consciousness in the so-called Third World. He consistently advocated the use of reason instead of military or even economic *machismo* as the tools the United States should employ in its efforts to provide leadership in international affairs.

Many of us who have been privileged to know him, even at some distance, hope that if indeed the stubborn problems of US/Middle East relations move to a stage where there is some genuine hope for resolution of the old issues and redress for past US/Zionist inspired biases, the ex-Junior Senator from Arkansas will come center stage again and add his calm, scholarly, rational advice to the inevitable dialogue and debate. Perhaps this time a more appreciative — and wiser — nation would listen.

Some Candid Shots

Not all of my experiences have involved complicated contexts or potentially valuable insights or personalities of significance — at least at the time. Some were really just amusing. Here are a few that rather flit across the stage of my memory as I bring this chapter to a close.

A Lesson in "Arab" Politics

Fayez Sayegh quietly helped put down a number of the first pilings upon which, over the years, I was able to build bridges between a variety of sectors of the Arab world and myself. They are bridges over which, I still like to think, a rather small group of discriminating but intellectually and even politically important people coming from both sides will eventually lead to full traffic and mutually respectful relations between the people of the United States and those of the Arab states. Such two-way people-crossings will eventually be the best guarantees for the trust and confidence

for which no written pacts, arms sales, trade agreements or any of the other modalities of formal arrangements can ever substitute.

One of the first of these pilings was put down by Fayez early in our relationship when he recommended that I be invited as a principal speaker at the convention of the Arab Students Organization, meeting in Estes Park, Colorado. I happily agreed and assented also to the topic suggested for my address: "How Should Arabs Present Their Case to the American Public?" (I cannot suppress a private smile as I write these lines nearly a quarter of a century after the event. I have never been a candidate for a position with J. Walter Thompson nor has anyone ever suggested I have been some kind of a threat to the memory of Ivy Lee. But from this vantage point of time, when memory often tends to compress the inexorable precision in which day follows day so that we all say, "time flies so fast" it seems to me I have been "advising" Arabs about public relations for a lifetime and with what must be a kind of boring frequency. And it must say something unflattering about either my own stubbornness, my lack of expertise or the quality of those public relations that I continue to regard Arab "P.R." as one of the major problems among all the problems requiring attention on the road to any just and enduring peace.)

The talk was a great success. Its central theme was drawn from a principle which I learned from an old teacher of mine at the Hebrew Union College. Dr. Abraham Cronbach was a man of peace — an avoider of confrontations — but a determined advocate of any cause which he felt qualified to champion or of some one or more ideas needing or representing his very high standards of justice. He never raised his voice and never indulged in the billingsgate which so frequently is employed by partisans in emotionalized controversies. More than one of his students would ask him how he managed to have attained so widely recognized a reputation as a champion of social justice and still deservedly retain the record of a man of peace. And invariably he would reply, somewhat ambiguously and quixotically, "You can say anything you really believe to almost anyone worth talking to if only you choose the right words to say it."

That was the central theme of that first of many rewarding

contacts with Arab students studying in the United States. American policy was already, in the late 1940's, blatantly prejudiced to Zionist aspirations. So there was no argument between my audience and me about the most important matters of substance. But I lectured my heart out to them about talking in an idiom Americans would understand, about the importance of isolating their opposition in the United States by careful distinctions between Jews and Zionists, about relating their interests in the problem of Palestine to the important interests and anxieties of the American public.

When I fulfilled my assignment for the convention, Ruth and I were prepared to leave Estes Park. But a considerable number of the students urged us to stay for the duration, to sit around in "bull sessions," to come to know the students better and allow them to know us better. And we agreed.

It was a delightful and stimulating three or four days. Finally came the closing sessions of the convention when resolutions were to be debated and officers elected for the following year. I felt these were definitely "family" matters where no stranger should intrude. So, once again, we prepared to leave and once again we were importuned to stay and attend the business sessions.

One of the resolutions offered, of course, was addressed to United States policy. It was drafted in some of the most inflammatory, belligerent and provocative language I think I had ever heard. I sat half-way back in the large meeting hall, half cringing and half bemused by the speculation on the short life-span of a speech over which I had worked a rather considerable number of hours. But as the debate progressed it became evident, whether influenced by my address or by attitudes which some of the delegates had acquired without benefit of my wisdom, that there was a sizeable group persuaded that more moderate language could be employed to express the general disillusionment in American policy more efficaciously to the American people. The assembly seemed deadlocked in the hassle over language. Suddenly I heard the chairman speaking my name, reminding the convention of my talk several nights earlier and asking me if I would like to express a viewpoint about the several versions of the resolution under consideration.

Quickly and politely I demurred, saying I had had "my say" and, in any event, I thought it inappropriate for an outsider to participate in an organizational debate on a specific problem. The Chairman, who was somewhat older than the average and a member of the faculty at one of the New York institutions of higher education, nevertheless persisted. There was a round of supportive applause — from the "moderates" I suppose — and somewhat hesitantly I moved up to the platform. There was not much I wanted to say. I did not want to repeat my lecture and I was not without embarrassment, knowing I was taking sides in an intra-mural quarrel. But I gave one or two examples of where I would substitute less colorful language for the incendiary prose and where I would drop entirely a few hyperbolic adjectives. I concluded as quickly as I politely could by saying that the convention, of course, had to decide if the audience they hoped to influence was the American people and government or the streets of Cairo, Baghdad or Damascus.

There was another round of restrained applause and I felt I had wriggled out of the situation about as well as could be expected and turned to walk off the platform and return to my seat. I had not taken more than a couple of steps when someone arose in the audience and was recognized by the Chairman. After a few ceremonial expressions of respect for my age (looking back now I thought I was a youngster then) and my reputation, the speaker "let me have it." No American was going to tell this convention of Arabs how to address the American people or government, he said. I should have stood fast on my first rejection of the invitation to speak to this session of the convention. And if I had advice on how to address Americans I should practice it more energetically myself since despite my efforts and those of my associates there was little indication that any significant sector of American life was prepared to deal fairly with the Arabs. Americans might as well know not only that Arabs resented American policy but should be under no illusions about the mood in which Arabs would react to the iniquitous American policy.

It was, I thought, a very good speech with more than a little right on its side, although I still deplored the language of the

resolution in question. But I said nothing. The convention moved to the vote and the "moderates" lost in a rather close call.

The elections for officers followed and, to my amusement, I then learned that my "attacker" was a young man named Tahseen Bashir who was nominated and subsequently elected to the Presidency. The business of the convention now finally completed, Ruth and I said our farewells. A number of those we stopped to wish goodbye apologized for the criticism that Bashir had made. But I assured them I was something less than mortally wounded and that I did agree he had a point. And so we took our leave. I would probably never have thought of the incident again had it not been that some weeks later I had a phone call from Boston and at the Boston end a voice announced, "My name is Tahseen Bashir. I am the one who criticized you in Estes Park during the debate on resolutions. I am now at Harvard but I am coming to New York for a visit and would be grateful for an opportunity to meet you and talk."

Nothing, I thought, could be more gentlemanly — and possibly interesting. The meeting was arranged. When, some days later, we sat face-to-face, Tahseen began with an apology. Nothing personal was intended, he said. But he was, at the time, nearing the end of a campaign for the Presidency and he felt he had to say what he had said as a part of his campaign. He proceeded to explain to me something I had begun to be only dimly aware of as we had observed the convention and sat around evenings in brain-storming sessions. The OAS was strained, internally, by the same tensions that existed in the Arab world among the students' native countries. The struggle, essentially, was over the alleged (probably real) aspirations of Nasser's protegés to dominate and control the organization. Tahseen, as an Egyptian, had to surmount any efforts of non-Egyptian coalitions to prevent his election. In addition, he had to demonstrate that Egyptians were not about to be subservient to "non-Arab" influences.

At the conclusion of his very dispassionate exposition of the reasons for his fairly passionate criticism of me in Estes Park, he informed me that as president of the OAS he expected to be often in New York. He hoped we could be friends and that he might feel

free to call upon me from time to time for advice and counsel and cooperation where it seemed possible and advantageous.

I remember saying, good-naturedly and smiling, something like I would give him just one more chance to listen to any advice I might be asked to offer.

As it turned out there were many occasions when we discussed mutual interests. When he completed his work at Harvard, Tahseen came to New York where, in either the Arab League office or at the Egyptian Mission (I do not recall any longer), he began what has now become a long and not undistinguished career as a diplomat. And over the years we have become good and relaxed and, I think, trusted friends. In many ways I have often thought Tahseen has a grasp of the philosophical and ideological substance of Zionism that is, at least, unsurpassed among his peers. When we have gone to Cairo and he is there Tahseen has been a gracious host and has many times eased our way to see someone or other of importance. On one such visit — in 1968 — Mahmoud Riad was Foreign Minister and Tahseen arranged an appointment for me to see him. In all such meetings I was privileged to have with Arab policy-makers I almost never initiated discussions of the substance of policy as I understood it. If the personality involved introduced such substantive matters I expressed my views candidly, usually from the perspective of reactions in the United States. But we did often discuss tactics and strategies and in these contexts I usually had fairly definite ideas and felt I should speak freely and even with some confidence in my judgements. The confidence derived from the fact that I was one of only a few who traveled up and down the United States and, in a kind of front-line action, could measure the reaction of various American publics to our line of argument which was, while not a carbon-copy of Arab policy, at least parallel at many points. As a result, I felt that in a general way any Arab action or declaration of policy which made our work somewhat more acceptable to Americans was to be encouraged. Conversely, where some Arab action or policy became an obstacle which could not be explained in terms which made any sense to Americans, it was — at least — open to questioning of its practical wisdom. Most often, I felt, actions or policy declarations in the second category boomeranged not so much because they were

inherently bad as because there had been no genuinely plausible explanation for their motivation — again, my old Jeremiad about Arab public relations.

The meeting with Riad focused on a number of such situations. I thought it went fairly well. Mahmoud was — and still is to "outsiders" at any rate — a quiet, almost introverted personality. He had listened, I thought attentively, to what I had to say and seemed often to agree with my criticisms.

Tahseen had sat through the conversation without saying a word. When we left Riad's office, Tahseen offered, "What you said was fine. But you were too quiet and even self-effacing. You should have been more emphatic."

To which I replied, "Remember Estes Park."

Whenever Tahseen has come to the United States he has always contacted me. The last time I saw him was when he accompanied Anwar Sadat to the United States, in November of 1975. An Egyptian friend of mine, Muhammad Omar, who now lives in London, is a close friend of Mrs. Sadat. Muhammad had arranged with Mrs. Sadat that when Egypt's President and First Lady came here Ruth and I should meet them. We were in Florida at the time and the arrangements were made for us to visit the Sadats in Jacksonville. Tahseen worked out the final details.

Tahseen, Ruth and I had dinner together the evening before the scheduled appointment and Tahseen "briefed" me on the fact that Sadat was disturbed about the rather inadequate explanation he had given in Washington in answer to a question at a press conference about the "Zionism/racism" resolution which had just been adopted by the General Assembly.

"You may say I advised you," he said to me, "to initiate a discussion of the subject with the President and I think he will be very interested in what you could tell him. But don't be as subdued as you were that time with Riad."

The next morning President and Mrs. Sadat and Ruth and I spent a memorable hour together. I took Tahseen's advice and initiated the discussion of Zionism's racist character as it is codified in Israel/Zionist law. The President listened carefully and expressed appreciation for my exposition. I hope he will remember some of it if he is ever asked the question again. I even hope that

he might introduce the subject in any future negotiations about a peace for, as I told him, many of the aspects of Israeli conduct to which he and other Arabs took legitimate exception were not isolated, capricious phenomena. Many of them are genuine, organic manifestations of the central exclusivism or "racism" of Israel's fundamental Zionist character.

A delightful little irony related to my first encounter with Tahseen Bashir is that Tahseen, who so stoutly defended the hit-and-run resolution in Estes Park a quarter of a century ago has become one of the most urbane and respected Arab press contacts with the American media. I like to think that occasionally he remembers that maiden speech of mine to the OAS and sometimes I think of him as, at least in very small part, a kind of disciple. I hope he will not mind the presumption.

My Friend "Hutch"

My friend Commander Elmo Hutchinson was based in Cairo during Nasser's presidency, serving as Middle East Director of American Friends of the Middle East. (By now, in any event, everyone knows it was conceived and financed by the CIA. And by the time "Hutch" went to Cairo, Nasser knew it also. This did not prevent Nasser from taking an affinity to "Hutch" nor prevent "Hutch" from cultivating a fairly close relationship with the President. One of the troubles about intelligence services is that officialdom so shrouds them in the mystique of dark plots, violence and general James Bond romanticism there is too little appreciation of the fact that governments are often glad to have foreign intelligence men around. There are times when it is desirable to exchange information or explore questions without the rigmarole of embassy diplomacy and channels, and both the "spy" and the "spied-upon" find a responsible messenger — with some access to at least middle-level authority — advantageous.)

I must here let my memory lead into a detour about Elmo Hutchison. "Hutch" was just a regular, corn-fed Kansas boy who found his way into the US Navy in those dark, war-scarred years of the 1940's. He served "with distinction" in the Pacific Theatre and stayed on, rising to the rank of Commander. He was a

natural leader, intelligent, gregarious, blessed with limitless energy and just about fearless. In 1951 he was assigned to the United Nations Truce Supervisory Organization in the Middle East as a military observer and was soon "promoted" to Chairman of the Israel/Jordan Mixed Armistice Commission. "Hutch" achieved his "distinction" — some called it "notoriety" — in 1954 when he cast the deciding vote against finding Jordan guilty in the so-called "Scorpion Pass" massacre where a number of Israelis, traveling by bus in the Negev south of Beersheba, were ambushed and killed. The Israelis were determined to fix the blame on Jordan, but — according to "Hutch" and his superiors on UNTSO — the evidence did not support the allegation. The best evidence suggested the attack had been perpetrated by a group of Bedouin who had been driven out of the Negev by the Israelis and had fled to the Sinai. It was uncertain whether these roamers were "based" on the Israeli or Egyptian side of the frontier. In any event, "Hutch's" veto of the Israeli insistence upon a condemnation of Jordan became a *cause célèbre*.

The whole scenario was not unusual. The Mixed Armistice Commissions (MAC's) were composed of an Israeli and a representative of the contiguous Arab state which had agreed to one of the armistices ending the 1949 period of fighting. There was a Mixed Armistice Commission for the Israeli/Syrian, the Israeli/Egyptian as well as the Israeli/Jordanian armistice lines. And an UNTSO officer was, in each Commission, the Chairman. In the event of the expected stand-off vote by the Israeli and the Syrian, Jordanian or Egyptian on each commission, the UNTSO Chairman cast the deciding ballot to determine culpability in the particular alleged violation of the armistice. The system did not really keep the peace, but it probably reduced the heat and frequency of the acts of guerrilla war. And the publicity attendant to the decision in any major violation of the "peace" was, unquestionably, a restraining force on all parties concerned with world public opinion.

When "Hutch" finished his tour of duty with UNTSO he returned to the States in 1954. He decided to write a book about his experiences. The decision was not inspired by any illusions "Hutch" had about his literary powers. As he traveled across the country to return to his home be began to realize that Americans

were either woefully ignorant about the Middle East or — even worse — sadly misinformed, and he thought an account of his own, battle-front experiences must be helpful. It was his book-writing that brought Hutch to me, for which both Ruth and I have been grateful all of our lives. After about a decade on the hustings I had acquired a modest reputation as an "authority" and so when Hutch completed his manuscript he asked if I would read it and offer any suggestions that might be helpful.

The book, which is titled *Violent Truce,* was — and still ought to be — considered an important contribution to understanding the Palestine problem. Precisely because the author was a down-to-earth, literal, non-ideological military observer, what he wrote was different from most of the ideological, political or historical treatises which abound in the literature about the Palestine problem. No one would call *Violent Truce* an "ambitious" book. It is a low-key, straight-talking record of the Zionist/Israeli salami methods for eroding Arab geographical and military positions by constant violations of the truce in the de-militarized zones and by constant harassment of the Arab civilian populations. They were, for the most part, "small" operations. They were strategic in design and their cumulative effect was to intensify the Arab sense of insecurity. They provided a large part of the dry tinder which flared into the conflagrations of 1956 and 1967. And, as a new possibility of peace is now on the international agenda, any who wish to understand the Arab mentality will do better to read such a "pedestrian" book as *Violent Truce* rather than bleeding sentimentality over the latest Zionist/Israeli strategy for avoiding the issues by asking for what both the Israelis and President Carter call "real peace" — full and "normal" relationships — as if nothing untoward had ever happened to suggest there is anything implausible about such a "reasonable" request.

At our first meeting, after I had agreed to read Hutch's manuscript, he told me that when he first left the United States to go to the Middle East to begin his UNTSO assignment, he was "like most Americans, very pro-Zionist and pro-Israeli." He knew nothing about Arabs and nothing about either the history or the merits of the Palestine problem. His first-hand, on-the-spot eye witness experiences with the constant military pressures against the

armistice lines began to open his eyes. It was the Israelis' arrogant assurance that any American would *automatically* side with them in the hundreds of disputes over the constant "violations" which the MAC's investigated which turned Hutch off. And it was the realization that his own country, the United States, condoned this steady Israeli aggressiveness that made this disciplined naval officer into a critic of American policy-makers. Finally, it was his own, slowly formulated conviction that it was special interest politics automating the politicians which was at the basis of the problem. This motivated Hutch to try to tell the facts he knew, hoping to guide a few more Americans one step along the long journey to some approximation of the truth.

It was a good manuscript and there was little I had to offer for improving it. But the friendship that was started was cherished and among my prized mementos is Hutch's inscription in the copy of the book he gave me:

To Elmer & Ruth Berger
Two people who are putting up a wonderful scrap for America.
Success to you and thanks for the encouragement.

Ruth and I were depressed for days when word came to us some years later that this irrepressible spirit had finally succumbed to a tragic drowning accident while swimming in the Red Sea. I was honored, but understandably sad, when I was asked to serve as one of the honorary pall-bearers at Hutch's burial in Arlington National Cemetery.

Reassessment

In the absence of dramatics between the Arabs and Israelis during this period we also began a somewhat more thorough assessment of the internal Israeli situation. The conditions of the "Arab Jews," the lagging economy, the increase in emigration from the country were all subjects for analysis and comment. It was all good, solid work, although its impact was less than spectacular as the war in Vietnam began to loom large as *the* foreign affairs issue in American life. We noticed — and commented often on — the way in which Zionist "liberals" were hung-up, opposing the war in Southeast Asia but regularly

demanding increased American military assistance for Israel and brawling against any suggestion that Israeli policies were thwarting peace in the Middle East. And we smiled, perhaps a little sardonically, when, as one of his maneuvers, Johnson called in the Zionist "liberals" and offered a trade — they to drop their opposition to the war in Vietnam and he, in turn, to assure continued American indulgence for Israel. The very Zionists who had crafted the image of Zionist power now turned on the increasingly desperate President and accused *him* of segregating the politics of "Jews."

Chapter V

1967 — THE END OF INNOCENCE

The 1967 war was, paradoxically, both a surprise and a fulfilment of prophecies of expected and inevitable despair. The timing and the thoroughness of Israeli military efficiency surprised all of us who believed a settlement was possible only through adjudication of the historic issues and the insertion of justice into the patchwork stalemate which had existed for ten years. In the months immediately preceding that fateful June my contacts and friendships with the Arab diplomats in New York and Washington had ripened to the point where formalities were no longer impediments to free and candid exchanges of thoughts. Perhaps my closest friend during those early weeks of 1967 was George Tomeh. The friendship has transcended George's active diplomatic career and has become another of those treasured rewards for the years invested in this problem. In George I found a reflection of my own temperament, blending a kind of irrepressible hope for man's humanity with a cynicism and despair of politicians which deepen with every day.

George hoped there would not be another war but following both the rhetorical and muscular belligerency with which the Israelis threatened the Syrians in the spring, he was persuaded war would come. My friends in Washington either did not believe this, or if they did, were reluctant to share their darker judgements with any outside their own circles.

My own reactions were confused. On the one hand, I shared the popular estimate of Arab (meaning mostly Egyptian) military strength. Added to this were down-beat reports of economic ills in

Israel, of mounting tensions between the Israeli establishment and the population of Arab Jews, of emigration figures exceeding immigration and of declining revenues from the Zionist funds in the United States. Like some others, I read these indices as a combination which might sober the Zionist/Israeli apparatus. Egypt's advertised massive weaponry and mobilization, some of us thought, might lead to de-escalation of the conflict and, hopefully, to a turn in the tides from one of periodic warfare to a gradual trend toward settlement. Some friends in the State Department read these signs the same way. The brilliant Zionist propaganda campaign of the late spring — we rationalized — fitted our comfortable blueprint. Israel was hurting. Even *The New York Times* had devoted an inordinate amount of space to reports of the discrimination practised against the "Oriental Jews." (The Black Panthers of Israel were to prove a rather consistent subject for the lovers of the exotic, or at least what appeared to be exotic, in what had previously been the image of a society of computerized democracy, order, social justice and humanitarianism.) So, for us optimists, the propaganda campaign became an example of the old game of a government in serious trouble trying to divert attention from internal disintegration by boiling the pot of "foreign" enemies and external threats. Besides, the campaign sponged up hundreds of millions of American dollars which, in view of the revealed shortfall in immigration, had been showing a steady decline. "Million dollar a minute" fund-raising events were either fact, or part of the campaign to stimulate support in such unprecedented amounts.

It was all a little sickening. But we veterans had seen it all before — even if in a lesser degree; and if, as we thought, this was all to cover the inherent weakness in the Zionist state (which many of us had long expected to surface) then we could put up with it for one last time, waiting for the Israeli establishment to bow to the inevitable and begin to come to those terms which could not be forever avoided or evaded if there were to be any peace.

It was all too neat and rational. On the morning of June 5th I was in Washington at a meeting. Several middle-level desk-officers from the Department of State were present, together with a few other private citizens with established reputations for honorable activism to

create an American policy consistent with both our declared values and goals and our national interests. Word of the Israeli attack came to the meeting around 11 a.m., via telephone, to one of the Department of State men. The shock was total. The meeting ended in disarray.

The next thing I remember of that stunning day was flying back to New York for a meeting of the Council at dinner. At about 6 p.m. Dean Rusk appeared on one of the newscasts, standing as I recall on the White House lawn, and announcing the United States would take a "neutral" stand.

At the Council meeting we decided, as we had in 1956, to avoid judgements on the confused and confusing assignments of blame for starting the war and to try again to focus attention on the fundamental issues of the Palestine problem. We would urge the United States to take the lead in confronting those problems and to try again, after the fighting stopped, to establish some clearly visible guidelines for a settlement. "Refugees," as we still called the Palestinians, land ownership, or "boundaries," and Jerusalem remained the tripod on which, in our judgement, removal of grievances depended. Of the three, the question of the"refugees" and Israeli implementation of the 1949 UN resolution calling for a free choice between compensation and repatriation was, already in 1967, the most crucial.

Without consciously comprehending all the reasons, as I recall that Council meeting, there was a sense of awe and of impending great events. But—at least for me and despite what I had heard in Washington earlier that day — I think I was concerned for the loss of human life in Israel. The Arabs, I believed, would rally even from the first-strike loss and in a long war defeat an Israel in which the fabric of society was being shredded by the inconsistencies of Zionist ideology.

These were my educated guesses — and apprehensions — about the conditions in the Middle East itself. By the next day there were few illusions left about the still potent striking power of the domestic Zionist machinery. For his declaration that the United States would maintain a posture of "neutrality" Rusk was subjected to the usual barrage of Zionist abuse and condemnation. Eban was again aping Churchill at the UN explaining the necessity for the "pre-emptive" strike to avert what he called "politicide."

Once again, the Arabs were on the defensive. Since they had done so little in the decade of "peace" to explain their position, "justice" was also on the defense, buried beneath the landslide of hysteria with which the Zionist/Israeli apparatus inundated the media.

After a couple of days I phoned Roger Davies, who was then Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for the Near East and South Asia. Roger was an old and magnificent friend. I had met him years earlier when he had been a junior officer in Baghdad. He was one of those deeply knowledgeable and dedicated career officers described by the Zionists and their political puppets as an "Arabist." I have never understood why this designation is regarded so widely by the media — and the public — as a term of opprobrium. If the United States wanted good relations with, and to protect and advance its interests in, the Middle East we certainly needed men with knowledge of and experience in the Arab world. I used to argue — and still do — that the "Arabists" should be accorded the same deference and respect for their opinions as Kremlinologists like George Kennan.

When I reached Roger I asked him, as I had frequently done with him and some of his predecessors, if there was anything we might say or do which would be consistent with our views and helpful in the general situation. Often, without divulging any "top secrets," similar conversations had surfaced some idea, or nuance, which the Department felt it could not state clearly itself and which the politicians would definitely not state.

This time, however, Roger said, "I am the last person in the world able to provide you with any really substantial information. The President has General Wheeler, McGeorge Bundy and Nicholas Katzenbach in the basement of the White House. Whatever is going on — if anything — is known only to them."

From then on, nothing that developed in American policy surprised me. After twenty years I saw the old, hackneyed pattern being replayed. The decisions would be made on the basis of political considerations by the politicians in the White House. The objective facts, the merits of the cases of the several parties to the long-festering conflict, sophisticated judgements of American long-

range interests in the Middle East would all be "tabled" — or assigned to levels of secondary importance.

I spent the next few days sounding off to any who would listen that the United States was headed for doomsday in the Middle East. General Wheeler, I recall saying publicly, had last been in the Middle East to help open the Suez Canal after the 1956 war. Katzenbach was still clearing his desk in the Department of Justice, from where he only recently had been moved to State; and Bundy had been pontificating from the Presidency of the Ford Foundation for about a year. Meanwhile, the men in the United States government whose business it was to read the cables from abroad every day and to evaluate them against the experience of having served in the area were simply hung up to dry.

We had not yet been exposed to the chicanery disclosed in the Pentagon Papers or instructed by Watergate in the technique of "cover-up." So we did not know — or had too little literary talent to invent — words and labels which were used later to describe what we nevertheless could feel with our sixth sense and experience was taking place. Arthur Goldberg and Joe Sisco were doing their "shuttle" diplomacy at the UN. Rumor had it — and only rumor as far as I know — that Goldberg would meet with Eban, then send Sisco to Washington to phone the US delegation "authoritative" instructions as the tortuous debate went on and on. Whether true, or not, that was the way the finished product looked. Goldberg was constantly pleading for peace and justice while Eban was annexing territory and declaring that a new order of power had been created in the Middle East. The Israeli attack on the spy-ship "Liberty" was played down as much as it was possible to play down an attack by a foreign power on an American ship in broad daylight.

My heart went out to my Arab friends participating in the Security Council debates. There were calls to them at any hour of the day or night. I remember George Tomeh telling me that Goldberg, who was President of the Council for the month, simply could not be found when the Syrians, after several Israeli evasions, were ready to agree once again to a cease-fire on the Golan front. And so the Security Council could not be convened for some hours, preventing an official call for the cease-fire. In the interim,

Israel continued fighting, consolidating the position which it had won at greater cost than was being generally admitted.

It was a period of about the most acute depression I had ever known. It was not that the Arabs had lost another battle. It was, first of all, because the United States had disgraced itself. It had broken all of its promises to guarantee the territorial integrity of all the states in the area. Right and left, the Arab states broke off relations with the United States. The depression was occasioned also by the arrogance and smug self-righteousness of the Zionist/Israel establishment, no less repugnant for all the redolence of Mr. Eban's incessant talking. And perhaps, above all, the depression was occasioned by the intoxication of American Jews. I began to believe that every assumption on which I had worked for two decades was proven wrong.

In the Council we continued — in public statements — to call for a re-examination of the whole Palestine problem, reminding any who would heed that the "brilliant victory" of Israel and Zionism had not resolved any of the fundamental issues. In fact, we warned, as the fighting ended, that unless Israel demonstrated more generosity than it had during the debates at the UN, these old problems would be worsened. Some of my friends — still babes-in-the-woods in Zionism — argued I was wrong. Israel was now established, they said, and it *would* be generous to the "refugees." In fact now that Israel controlled virtually all of historic Palestine it would welcome the "refugees" as full citizens and so a kind of democratic, bi-national state would emerge. Our calls for justice and political equity were scorned as "anti-Israel" or as an escape hatch for "bad losers."

Post-Bellum Anti-Zionism

It could no longer be doubted — the "magnificent" Israeli victory, well garnished with Zionist propaganda, plus the demoralization of the Arabs (including their own, already inadequate information services) — severely wounded the anti-Zionist position. Nothing succeeds like success — and by every advertised index the Zionist/Israeli machine now had it.

There was, I believe, a nuance of difference between the reasons for the retirement of many anti-Zionists and the exhilaration of the

Zionist and pro-Zionist minions. At least so it appeared from my experience. The silence emanating from the highest policy-making sources in Washington, plus the huckstering of the Zionist-claque politicians that "Israel had saved the Middle East from communism" was the dominant theme I heard from former, or at least newly doubting, supporters.

Zionists, on the other hand, did not bother to dress their "Jewish" pride in even so shoddy a cloak of "American" interests. "The Israelis have made us Jews ten feet tall," was a common vulgarity of far too many so-called "People of the Book."

One of my "supporters" and an old personal friend performed in a manner typical of the first group. He was a Wall Street banker and a very wealthy man. He called me one day and the conversation went something like, "We have been friends a long time and you know I respect your opinion. But I feel conscience-bound now to make a very large contribution to the UJA."

"Why?" I asked apprehensively.

"Because Israel has protected American interests in the Middle East against Russia," he confided.

"Henry," I said, as friendlily and patiently as I could, "it is your money. But you should have a better reason for giving it away. Just look at the map and put little pins in the capital cities where American diplomatic installations are closed. Just read, or listen to the statements of the Arabs in the UN debates. The representative of every country from Casablanca to Baghdad — some with sorrow, some with "I told you so" glee — is condemning the United States. We are witnessing a catastrophe for Western interests and the biggest victory for the Soviet Union in the Middle East since 1947, when by voting for partition, the Soviets made a permanent contribution to this on-going tragedy."

But it was futile.

One more incident at the time slammed the door on my quarter-century career with the American Council for Judaism. Although *The New York Times* had regularly reported every heart-beat of the "Jewish establishment" during those momentously saddening days, it could never find a column-inch for any of our balanced, forward-looking statements. I was not much disturbed. Some years previously I had written off the *Times*. Its bias was obvious

and, in any event, we were obtaining fairly respectable coverage across the country. What we said, in any event, was not going to change history; only here and there some American whose natural Yankee suspicions had survived the brain-washing job might either find something solid and refreshingly new in what we said or — at least — find support for doubts about the prevalent "wisdom" which he already entertained.

For several years the Council had had a new President, Richard Korn. Richard was a "good man," a musician, a dreamer and a novitiate politically. The young Sulzberger — "Punch" as his friends called him — was then running the *Times*. He and Korn were golfing partners.

One day Richard came to my office and said, "I am going to call 'Punch' Sulzberger and ask for an appointment to find out from the horse's mouth why our public statements were ignored by the *Times*."

I had been through this routine with the *Times* before and could have written the excuses in advance. I was depressed and taking everything together I said to Korn, "Don't bother. To hell with the *Times*. We had our share of coverage, considering our resources, in other places. Stop fighting the last war and let us put ourselves together for the more serious business ahead."

Among other things, Korn was stubborn about ideas he initiated and without discussing the matter further with me he put in the call. Ignoring my distaste for the matter and my advice, he returned in a short time with a big smile and, as if declaring a dividend, announced, "It's all set. Punch has arranged for us to have a long talk with Clifton Daniels."

I had *no* use for the *Times* and, although we had never met, somewhat less than that for Daniels who, I had decided after watching him on several TV programs, was a pompous ass. I protested I did not want to go and urged Korn to take someone else, or go alone. But he insisted I accompany him and I found it too difficult to press my objections further, except on some completely arbitrary basis.

As I had anticipated, it was a dishwater-dull session. I took with me copies of the several statements we had released, copies of the way other papers had reported them and several of the columns in

which the *Times* had published the opinions of everyone from leading Zionists to Brooklyn taxi-drivers. After Korn had made his pitch about the importance of the country knowing there were Jews who opposed Zionism I simply put my evidence on Daniels' desk and said, "You be the judge of the editorial and reportorial judgements exhibited by this evidence."

Acting as if he were the original Pulitzer, or at least a Henry Mencken, Daniels somberly rose and asked Korn and me to go to a bulletin board on one wall of his office. He pointed to a "thank-you" letter from some "do-good" outfit in Kansas, expressing appreciation for some notice the *Times* had given some effort of theirs. Then he said — as if sharing with us some new insight into the characteristics of the God-head — "This is the kind of thing we like to see about the *Times*."

The interview ended as far as I was concerned, both physically and verbally. I led Korn to the door. We rode back to our offices in silence. But the end was not yet. That afternoon — Richard Korn having left — I received a call from Richard Krebs of the *Times* informing me he had been assigned to do a "backgrounder" on the Council and asking me to arrange for Korn and me to meet with him at our offices within the next few days.

Krebs seemed friendly during the interview, or at least not hostile. I did most of the responding and explaining and I thought I made our points well. To fortify our position I also gave Krebs a good deal of published material, telling him he could attribute any of it to me, or handle it in any way helpful to the construction of a current-interest story.

The *Times* proceeded to catch up on some twenty years of largely ignoring the Council, anti-Zionists in general and me in particular. It was, on the whole, not a bad story. But the headline and Krebs' lead reported me as identifying Israel as the aggressor in the June War. And as the younger generation of a few years ago would have said, "That tore it."

Actually, I do not now — nor did I even a few days after the Krebs conversation — recall having put it quite so plainly. But that Zionism/Israel was the historic aggressor against the Arabs of Palestine had not been one of the ideas which I had stamped "top secret."

What had been simmering anti-Zionist disaffection in Council ranks now had a focus and a catalytic release. I refused either to retract or to ask Krebs for a "clarification" for, in fact, he had not misrepresented the substance of what I had said even though my language had probably been more delicate than his journalese.

Happy Interlude in Beirut

In the middle of the internal controversy that followed I was invited to Beirut to be the banquet speaker at a fund-raising event sponsored by Americans for Justice in the Middle East, the Fifth of June Society and Friends of Jerusalem. I was reluctant to accept. I felt I no longer represented any significant anti-Zionist viewpoint and additionally, as I wrote those who issued the invitation, "I have no compunctions about criticizing American policy in the United States but I have some reservations about saying what I feel publicly in Beirut." Both reservations were turned aside in a reply and, with some misgivings I agreed to go and to address the subject, "How Can the Arabs Explain Palestine to the West?"

The experience stands as one of the most satisfying of my life. In addition to the banquet speech, for something like two weeks I spoke to at least one, sometimes two or three audiences a day. The fund-raising dinner was a huge success. One of my oldest and dearest friends, Edward Rizk, said to me the night of the dinner when the ballroom of the St. Georges Hotel was overflowing, "Greater devotion hath never been given by the Lebanese to any man. Do you realize everyone here — including me — has paid 100 Lebanese pounds just to see you and hear you talk?"

That was not quite all the truth, of course. The 1967 war had — at least for the moment — pulled the Arabs together in their sadness and in their introspection and perhaps also in some determination to re-establish their place in history. And I was, to a large extent, a beneficiary of these deeply-felt thoughts and emotions.

But it was not only the Arabs who demonstrated such friendship and kindness. Among the highlights of that memorable (for me) visit was meeting the United States Ambassador and his wife, Dwight and Adele Porter. The two of them were another example

— to add to others I had come across before — of the power of the on-the-scene facts on experienced and professional diplomats. Some years before, the United States had initiated a policy of switching many of its best-informed "Arabists" out of Arab posts and replacing them with Foreign Service Officers from some other area of the world. The hypothesis, apparently, was that the "old Middle East hands" were biased in favor of "the Arabs" and could never reconcile themselves — or their political assessments — to the "new" situation created by American support of the Zionist State. Porter had served, previously, in Yugoslavia, I think, and had been posted to Beirut in still another effort to implement this theory. I had not known him and I have no reason to believe he knew very much about me. We met first at a dinner party given, before my talk at the fund-raising event, by two old American friends who had settled in Beirut, John and Isobel Fistere. Porter was friendly, but properly reserved. Adele was my dinner partner that night and was refreshingly — and unexpectedly — candid. To this day I do not know whether or not she was deliberately leading me on.

After the extremely successful fund-raising dinner and an excellent press (with the exception of the communist papers) Dwight called me and said, "I am going to ask you to do something for me that I hope you will agree to do. I would like to give a formal luncheon for you and Mrs. Berger at the residence. People who at this time would refuse to come with a simple invitation from me will accept if you will allow me to give this luncheon in your honor." Although I had determined not to criticize American policy publicly and had also decided — before coming to Beirut — *not* to become too chummy with the Embassy, my dinner conversation with Adele at the Fisteres and the tone and manner in which Dwight put the proposition persuaded me to relent on the second resolve.

When I agreed, the "wily" diplomat added, "And I will give you the toughest luncheon partner in the group, if he agrees to come. You will see how you can manage with Kamal Junblatt."

The luncheon, too, turned out well. Tom Mallison had come to Beirut to participate in a conference on Human Rights organized by the Arab League and the night before Tom and Sally and Ruth

and I left Beirut, Dwight Porter phoned again and said, "Why don't the four of you come to the residence for a family dinner. We'll take off our shoes and just talk." When the Embassy car pulled up that night to take us back to Beirut, Porter took my hand and with what I thought were tears in his eyes — and certainly in his voice — said to me, with a tight hand-clasp, "I can't thank you enough for everything you have done here these two weeks."

The Beirut experience removed any last, lingering doubts about the soundness of the position I had taken with the insurrectionists in the Council. There were more meetings but the outcome was already clear. Finally, early in 1969, I simply resigned in the course of still another fruitless discussion at a meeting of the Executive Committee.

Moshe Menuhin Steps In

There is, however, one chapter in this narrative of my departure from the Council which, because part of it has become public knowledge, belongs in the record, stated from my viewpoint. It involves my relationship with a well-known anti-Zionist, Moshe Menuhin. Moshe has had his innings, telling the story as he saw it. I have maintained silence for some years now. As I am about to tell "my side" now I do so not to carry on a personal vendetta with the magnificent old curmudgeon, or even to justify my own actions. The episode will, I hope, reveal rather important differences of strategy and tactics and in this sense may be of some value to future warriors in the cause.

I had known Moshe for a number of years, although I do not really recall our first contact. He had been a consistent but financially modest supporter of the Council. He once described himself as "a horse for single harness, not cut for tandem." He constantly reminded me he was not an "organizational person" and our anti-Zionism was never really quite "anti" enough for him. But our personal relationship was good. When he finished the manuscript for his *Decadence of Judaism in Our Time* he sent it to me, asking my critical judgement. Those who know the book know he assembled an impressive amount of documentation, even if much of it was of a secondary character. But the language in the original was positively incendiary—straight from the "gut." No other word

would be adequately descriptive. Not only had he known Zionist tyranny at first hand, he had also personally known some of its tyrants as contemporaries during early years spent in Palestine. Almost without exception, he not only rejected the ideology and its practises, he had a contempt for most of the leaders that he could not conceal even had he tried — and he saw no reason to try.

That kind of style, I had learned, was titilating to the hard-core of those already converted. But the job remaining to be done in the United States was to reinforce the anti-Zionists who, for any number of reasons, were timid in the professions of their agreement and, in addition, to recruit as many as possible from the ranks of that Weizmann-created, never-never, amorphous body of "pragmatists" who had been neutralized into something called "non-Zionism." The *substance* of what Moshe wrote was the right prescription. But it was my judgement that few except the hard-core would take the cure encapsulated in Moshe's gall-bitter coating.

He was pretty good about my suggestions to simmer down, all the while protesting that he had written what he meant to say and would not consider any censorial approach to the substance of the book. What was finally born out of his writing and my blue-pencilling is still rather strong stuff. But I do not argue much with success in so difficult a problem where my own, more moderate manner of expression has certainly produced no stampede of support.

When the internal crisis in the Council surfaced at the end of 1967, the same old flaming sense of high indignation erupted in Los Gatos, Moshe's home. For my part, I was infinitely weary. By the time, late in the summer, when intimations of the conflict began to leak to the membership, I had already sat through endless meetings. I was also aware that a number of kangaroo meetings had been held to which neither any of my supporters nor I had been invited. The "negotiations" dragged on for months and I became increasingly pessimistic about any solution of the fundamental issues.

Finally, it became apparent that a watershed would be crossed at the Council's Annual Conference early in 1968. In the previous months Moshe had been conducting a one-man crusade. He was

an indefatigable letter-writer and he spared neither typewriter nor copying machines, not only bombarding Council members with his not very exalted opinion of those on the Executive Committee who had decided they could no longer live with me, but also soliciting "testimonials" from every anti-Zionist he had ever known or with whom he had ever had any contact. I knew of this — there was nothing devious about Moshe and he sent me copies of just about everything he wrote in this campaign. If I did not encourage him I also did nothing to discourage the effort — not that it would have done any good had I tried. I think most of my "opponents" on the Executive Committee never believed me, but I had early-on decided I would not fight for my job, however vigorously I would defend my estimate of the kind of program called for by the "new" situation. And a number of the opposition resented Moshe's direct intervention, his less-than-flattering references to their motives as well as their "policies" and, even more, his invitation to people outside the Council to weigh in with opinions.

The Proxy Battle

At one point in the escalating organizational turmoil I was persuaded by both logic and my affection for the old man to enter actively into the fray in a kind of organized way. Moshe and a few others who had been sensitized by his campaign decided a proxy fight would be a good idea. I, personally, had doubts because the "big guns" of the Council had generally sided against me. Lessing Rosenwald topped the list and was dutifully followed by Clarence Coleman, who had succeeded Lessing as the Council's second President. And Richard Korn, while personally sympathetic to me, was immobilized by his own sense of insecurity in the office. It can probably never be accurately known how much of this disagreement with me was predicated upon any careful consideration of the merits and how much was simply a kind of *ennui*, a feeling of utter defeat, of having been overwhelmed by force and of wishing to retire from the struggle. Whatever the chemistry, I had the feeling a proxy battle would not provide "our side" with any satisfactory answer. Over and above these intangibles — and although I am neither a lawyer nor a businessman — I had little faith in "minority stockholder" campaigns.

Nevertheless, I acquiesced in the request of Moshe and his friends. I prepared the proxy statement, arguing my viewpoint. An *ad hoc* committee signed the ballots and without too much difficulty I persuaded Richard Korn that these Council members had complied with the organization's regulations and were entitled to have their ballots and proxy-statements distributed by the office.

Predictably, the "administration" started its own proxy solicitation. The drafting was supervised by a lawyer by the name of Charles Tannenbaum. Tannenbaum had been an enigma to me for some time, but I had never considered his role in the Council important enough to bother to try to understand. He had been elected President of the American Council for Judaism Philanthropic Fund. This was a separate corporation. It had been created some years earlier as a result of the confluence of two developments. The first was a feeling shared by many members of the Council that we should provide some medium for them to contribute to the assistance of needy Jews overseas without supporting the United Jewish Appeal because UJA receipts were, in one way or another, used to subsidize Zionist activities, including abundant propaganda in the United States. The Fund was moderately successful, although, of course, it never enjoyed anything like the tens of millions "take" of the UJA. But it did assist some European Jews to come to the United States — or to find resettlement opportunities elsewhere. Without such independent assistance these unfortunate people had little choice. If they elected, while still in Europe, to try for resettlement anywhere but Israel, it was a rarity for them to have the necessary paper work done and to obtain the subsidies needed to begin a new life. But it was not as easy as it might have seemed to inform those who were displaced that there was an agency providing them freedom of choice. The beneficiaries of the Fund were therefore comparatively few and the cases it handled came on a rather sporadic basis. But the mere existence of the Fund did satisfy the consciences of those Council people who, on principle and often at the cost of considerable social and even economic sanctions, had refused to subsidize Zionism in order to satisfy their humanitarian inclination. I had encouraged the creation of the Fund, although I was usually too preoccupied with the religious and political action

of the Council to enter very vigorously into the Fund's business.

The second development involving the Fund and therefore Mr. Tannenbaum's emergence as my "prosecutor" in the developing ruckus in the Council was the Rumanian government's agreement in 1957-58, to permit some of that country's Jews to emigrate to Israel. A good deal of hanky-panky was reported in connection with this "exodus." Even some Zionist versions of the operation admitted rather respectable sums were paid under the table to obtain some of the exit permits. The numbers who actually came out were — as usual in a Zionist campaign — exaggerated. Practically all of them came through Vienna and there the Jewish Agency was able to maintain a monopoly on the disposition of these people's future. For the most part they were shipped off within a few days to Rome and then on to Israel.

Rumors were reaching the United States that numbers of the emigrés, once out of the communist world, were resisting shipment to Israel. But in what had become a pattern of Zionist-controlled "humanitarianism" (to be repeated some twenty years later with many Soviet Jews) those who held out for options other than the "Jewish homeland" encountered no end of difficulties. Papers were not processed, even where immigration opportunities existed. Living quarters and even food became hard to find.

Ruth and I were in the Middle East and at the suggestion of the Directors of the Fund we returned to Europe, via Vienna. There, through a helpful contact with the International Rescue Committee, we were able to interview some of the Israel-resisters and also to talk to a representative of the Joint Distribution Committee. Anti-Zionist American Jews had established the JDC some four decades earlier precisely to assist Jews in other countries who opted for other than the Zionist "final solution." JDC funds were deployed to help such Jews, largely in Eastern and Central Europe, to build institutions of their own and to stay on in those not-overly friendly lands to join in the struggle for liberalizing the whole social and political environment. Or, if some chose emigration, the JDC was conceived precisely to provide opportunities and the necessary financing to allow choices other than the Zionist express to Palestine/Israel. But JDC independence was another of the casualties of the Zionist bulldozer campaigns of hysteria attendant

to the rise of Hitler. It contracted with the Zionist funds to form a unified campaign in the UJA. Over the years the JDC lost its own corps of fund-raisers and, eventually, the once proud, American-oriented relief organization became little more than a Zionist satellite. The JDC official in Vienna reflected this disintegration. He denied the accuracy of stories we had just heard at first hand from the emigrés themselves and insisted he had freedom of operation. Only a "few cranks" were rejecting the big favor of "ingathering."

The Zionist state was now dangerously close to underpopulation by "white" Jews — meaning the Ashkenazi from Europe. The "ingathering" of Arab Jews (called "Oriental" in polite language and "black" in the less polite Zionist jargon) from North Africa was threatening the demographic pattern. And the forced-draft delivery of the Rumanian emigrés was intended to shore up the slipping domination of the European élite and power-structure of Zionism's "Zion." The emigrés who refused to see their Zionist "duty" were therefore a problem. It was not only that they defied a movement which had become unaccustomed to defiance. There was also the pragmatic danger that if any appreciable number of the recalcitrants managed to escape and word of their success became bruited about, the trickle might become a flood.

A further complication was that the Austrian government was becoming apprehensive over the increasing population of the Israel-rejectors. It did not want to force them to go to Israel. It was confronted with problems of sustaining many of them when — as a final blackmail discipline — the Zionist funds cut off their subsidies for housing and food. The International Rescue Committee was prepared to administer funds, if they could be obtained, to provide the Israel-rejectors with the necessities of life and also to try to process the necessary papers if opportunities for resettlement in countries other than Israel could be found.

Information about these conditions provided the Philanthropic Fund with a more dramatic and definite opportunity to be of service than it had before enjoyed. The officers planned and put into effect a fund-raising campaign. Those of us concerned primarily with the traditional Council efforts of public education and the advocacy of programs to substitute for Zionist activities in the religious and political fields were gladly cooperative. The

opportunity to assist needy Jews and, at the same time, to deprive Zionist programs of both money and bodies became another of the Council's "positive" approaches to the total problem.

But, for most of us, this did not suggest any blunting of the attack on Zionism as a movement we considered deleterious to the best interests of Jews themselves and inconsistent with the national interests of the United States to boot. The Council — and its original purposes — remained priority number one. The Fund and its newly found "clients," represented only another of our efforts to prove that given the will and the courage for independent action, Jews could fulfill their legitimate humanitarian impulses without paying tribute to the whole Zionist apparatus.

But success — and the promise of more success — went to Tannenbaum's head. He began to find fault with hard-lining the Council's ideological expositions. His objections, at first, were the kind of annoying little criticisms of "how" we said certain things, and sometimes to whom they were said. I had never thought of myself as a stickler for language but over the years I had become intensely aware of the difference between legitimate synonyms, on the one hand, and deliberate clichés and ambiguities, on the other. To build its empire among largely unsuspecting Americans, Zionism had employed language tricks and I, at least, was not about to try the same process in an effort where our credibility depended upon stating an honest position in the most explicit and definitive terms possible.

Tannenbaum's idea was that if *we* — the Council hardliners — would moderate our tone and only slightly dull our cutting edge, the Fund would be useful as a magnet to attract many Jews. Once the Fund won their loyalty, the reasoning went, we could then "graduate" them into the two-fisted battle of the Council. My own approach was the diametric opposite. The Fund — which, in any event, would never compete with the UJA — would be there for any anti-Zionist who wished to extend his interests and his support beyond the hard political/ideological/religious battle lines. It was an auxiliary of the Council — a supplementary service, for those who wished to use it. But the relationship could not be reversed.

It would be less than truth to say Tannenbaum did not have a number of supporters. At times he became irksome, at least to me.

Occasionally he would come up with a rather respectable contributor of the Fund who would not however, associate directly with the Council. Neither those who agreed with my priorities, nor I, found any fault with such "discoveries." But when Tannenbaum began to fashion a few of these successes into a campaign to demonstrate that the strategies and tactics of those of us who were veterans were misguided, we consistently fought back.

This sub-surface fire smouldered for several years. I paid only occasional attention to it. In some ways, when I did think about it or when the issue would be raised in some form at a business meeting, I usually treated it as only another manifestation of the occasional outbursts of discontent and/or frustration at a rate of growth which was, of course, disappointing to all of us. There were always those who counselled that a softer-sell would pay better dividends. The trouble was that when most such suggestions were examined critically they proved to lead almost inevitably to sacrifice of some substance and my now fairly matured understanding of the historic Zionist/anti-Zionist debate suggested this road was strewn with the wreckage of many anti-Zionist hopes. The apparently innocent concessions to style did not fool the Zionists as much as they contributed to self-delusion and ultimately to the evisceration of sustained, consistent and rational anti-Zionist efforts. No one would have been happier than I to find a magic formula in some new lexicon of anti-Zionism. But I was never persuaded that any of the budding etymologists had concocted quite the verbal elixir he or she thought was at hand. Nor did I think Tannenbaum's soft-sell via philanthropy would eliminate sales-resistance among the timid, or fool the Zionist brain-trusters. Fortunately, during those years when the controversy was a kind of internal, family quarrel and generally low key, my own authority in the Council had little trouble carrying the day.

Time after time, as his circuitious suggestions about the efficacy of my leadership were "noted" but rejected, Mr. Tannenbaum, while maintaining always the outward unflappability of the lawyer, was apparently enduring a slow, internal burn. The experience however made him a willing —even a zealous — attorney for the prosecution when the policy show-down followed the 1967 war.

The administration proxy he and his partisans formulated was starched with the obscurantism of a fair-to-middling corporate-legal mind. "Our" proxy had attempted a rather full pleading for our case and had even exhibited a bit of passion as it argued that a Council *for Judaism* could not wash its hand of the glaring injustices imposed by the Zionist state upon the Arabs and could not therefore maintain a posture of bland neutrality about the consequences of Israel's 1967 use of raw power. Tannenbaum's proxy consisted of only three or four sentences, the essence of which asked the voters to ratify the decisions of the administration which, I had long argued, would have deprived me of all initiative and creative contribution.

"We" lost the proxy fight almost before it began. The issues were not really joined. I suspect — but do not know for sure — that most of those who voted the administration's proxy did so rather *pro forma* without any genuine comprehension of what was involved.

A Question of Oil

At the Annual Conference itself, Tannenbaum read out a kind of bill of particulars. I was "anti-Israel," "pro-Arab," "insubordinate," less than respectful of "US policy," "pro-oil companies." Eban could not have done better. I sat far in the back of the crowded meeting room, disgusted with each minute of Tannenbaum's presentation and more soul-weary and drained of motivation than angry. I was inclined simply to "take a walk," feeling — perhaps with a sense of false pride — I had no reason after 25 years to defend my record. But a number of my friends came to me and insisted that I reply. I could not simply walk away from them and all the years of trust they had invested in me. Reluctantly I agreed. It was a kind of dispirited rebuttal, however. My tone as I remember it now, was probably more pity for my opponents than any elevating defense of my stewardship. I recall only snatches of it now. I remember pointing out that *they* accused me of rather open derision of "US policy" and, at the same time, accused me of being "pro-oil companies." It was *they,* I said, who suffered a mental lapse somewhere along the line. I owed nothing

to the "oil companies." In fact, I had often been critical of their reluctance to inform the American people of the inconsistencies between the politicized policies of the Government and the interests of the United States in "Arab" oil. Nevertheless if my opponents were so consumed with American interests rather than Zionist interest, then some consideration for oil was a legitimate part of the Council's concerns and since some greater degree of justice to "the Arabs" was in order if American interests in "Arab" oil were to be protected, I saw nothing contrary to declared Council policy in reinforcing our moral, religious, and political arguments with some reference to the desirability of amicable relations with those who possessed such a preponderant amount of the world's petroleum resources, even if they happened to be Arabs.

In this context there was one (to me) very amusing specific. A few weeks after that dark and deeply troubling June 1967, I was invited to participate in a symposium at the University of Utah in Salt Lake City. It was suggested I address the subject, "Problems of United States Policy-Makers in the Middle East." How, with all the trouble brewing in the Council and the general disarray of Middle Eastern affairs in the aftermath of the war, I was able to compose anything resembling a reasonable and coherent paper is one of my accomplishments in which Divine Providence must surely have been more than usually generous. The paper was well-received in Salt Lake City. A few days after my return to New York one of my associates took a call from the offices of Standard Oil of New Jersey (not yet re-christened EXXON). Could Standard have several thousand copies of the Utah paper or permission to print them themselves? I readily agreed to the second proposition, since we had no adequate supply. Still some weeks later, after the pamphlet had appeared, the office received a check for $1,000 from the Saudi Arabian Mission to the UN. I was appreciative, even if not overwhelmed. I reasoned that the Standard Oil call had probably come as a result of a Saudi interest in the paper but the Saudis had not wanted to deal directly with us. My associate acknowledged the check and I dismissed the incident from my mind which was already busy enough with what I considered more pressing matters.

But in Tannenbaum's "bill of particulars" the Saudi gift became a *cause célèbre.* I was never quite sure what the gravity of the issue was since obviously all the check meant to me was that something in the Utah speech had favorably impressed either the Saudi Ambassador to the UN or Standard, or both. Since, from either source, the $1,000 could hardly be considered a gift of sacrificial dimensions or a sum sufficient to penetrate and control the Council I took the whole incident as merely an indication that the Utah speech had said some things consistent with good US/Arab relations and therefore consistent with American interests.

I said as much in my rebuttal to Tannenbaum's indictment. But either I did not say it well or certainly not well enough to prevent the administration forces from regarding acceptance of the check as a serious misfeasance of office. And a decision was taken to return the $1,000 to the Saudis. The whole reaction struck me as such a combination of adolescence and stupidity that I remember my comment was, "I think you [the administration] are over-straining to make fools of yourselves. If you do send the Saudi Arabs a Council check for the 'unwelcome' $1,000 I think if you look for it you will find the check shredded and floating in the East River." To this day I do not know if the Council check was really sent and, if so, what disposition the inscrutable Saudis made of it.

Finally, the unhappy "trial" at the Annual Meeting simply ran out of steam. I think probably that had I not acquiesced in Moshe's proxy plan and left the decision to the votes of the membership assembled "we" would have won. If I say so myself, respect for me — perhaps even honor to my leadership — was strong. The opposition's arguments were infantile and unrealistic. "Our" case was materially helped when Leonard Sussman, who for more than ten years had been my patient and efficient second-in-command and who had left only a few months before the debacle to take a better position, came and defended my person and my record.

But the administration's blank-check proxies overwhelmed us. A meaningless resolution was adopted ordering the Executive Committee and me to meet to reach a *modus operandi* for future Council operations. We had been trying to do this for months and nothing new had been added by the disheartening session at the Annual Conference. I knew then that part of my career was

finished. I was sad, but plagued by no regrets. Against really incredible odds the Council had survived — and even prospered — for a quarter of a century. I was sure then—as I am now—that it had left its mark (and mine) on this tragic period of Middle East/American history.

Chapter VI

A NEW BEGINNING

For the first time in my life I was "unemployed." Fortunately, there were no financial problems but it was still not possible to escape a feeling of great emptiness. I had no very clear idea of what I would do. Fortunately, the indecision was destined to be of short duration. Not more than several hours passed that same afternoon when one of my dearest friends, Mrs. Samuel Kuhn of New York, phoned and said she and several others on the Executive Committee would like to come to our home that same night and talk with Ruth and me. Some eight or ten did come and the substance of their conversation was that they were sure I would not just walk away from the problem to which I had devoted so much of my life. All of them agreed with the position I had taken with the Council leadership and they would all transfer their support — even increasing it — to a new organization if I agreed to lead it.

After some discussion I said I would do so, with three provisos. First, I would accept no compensation. I did not know how much I could accomplish as a kind of "one-man" organization and I did not want to feel driven by any financial obligations even to these friends. Secondly, I would not concern myself with "numbers of members." What was important now, I said, was clarification of the issues and advocacy of justice, insofar as our knowledge of the facts indicated where justice lay; and this might not always appeal to American Jews, as our experience in the Council had demonstrated. And thirdly, I said, I would not spend any of my time trying to raise funds necessary to finance the new program. I would do the most and best I could, budgeting on the basis of

what would be genuinely "free-will" offerings of those present, plus any others who might come along with one, final communication from me to the Council membership explaining the split and the formation of the new organization.

The conditions were acceptable and so American Jewish Alternatives to Zionism (AJAZ) was conceived, actually to be born some few months later after a stint at working from our home, during which period Ruth was my faithful secretary.

On a personal basis they have been the six most gratifying years of my professional life. Support for AJAZ has grown without our once soliciting a "member." As far as I can recall I have not once visited the State Department of successive administrations. But fundamental forces, national interests, all the long-suppressed political and geopolitical logic has argued better the inconsistencies and errors of American "policy" than any of my own earlier, personal and organizational representations.

The Return of Moshe Menuhin

The old fire-brand in Los Gatos, California was, of course, bitter about the Council "débacle." I am sure he partly blamed me for not having been more aggressive, both in defense of myself and in castigating the administration. But when the "loyalists" persuaded me to carry on the work and organize AJAZ, Moshe was among the first to "join up" and to commit himself to greater financial support than he had ever provided to the Council. The old differences between us of temperament and method persisted, but exchanges about them were limited to an extensive correspondence, most of which is to be found in the AJAZ "archives" now deposited at the Institute for Palestine Studies. Some day, when more compelling problems are resolved and there is time and detachment enough for future observers to look for laughs as well as the grim realities, someone with a little whimsy may find this correspondence provides a kind of humanizing balance to the public debates and dialogues, most of which then had to be conducted with the sobriety commonly labelled "judicial." Moshe, for example, had little patience with the name I recommended for the new organization — American Jewish Alternatives to Zionism.

With his typical, frontal approach he urged me to adopt something like, "Jews Against Zionism" or "The American Anti-Zionist Committee." My own feeling was that, in the first place, the future struggle would more visibly involve all Americans concerned with world peace and American Middle East interests. While I felt it was important to identify the putative organization with Jews I wanted to avoid, if possible, any unnecessary parochialism. The name I suggested seemed, somehow, to meet both requirements and soon after AJAZ went public others than Jews began to contribute to its support. Secondly, it seemed to me the time had come to emphasize, somehow, that there *were* alternatives to Zionism and that AJAZ would offer something more than merely "opposing" Zionism. I know Moshe was never a "true believer" in any of this reasoning, but I did persuade him that what we *did* would eventually supply the authentic meaning for whatever name we finally chose.

Finally, Moshe — unable to control his indignation completely or to sublimate it through his genuine commitment to AJAZ — returned to his steaming typewriter and produced his version of the Council's demise in a long narrative essay, *Quo Vadis,* published as a supplement to his *Decadence of Judaism* by the Institute for Palestine Studies. Only mildly, in that treatise, did he slap my wrists for playing too much the gentleman during the stormy months. Once he had thus performed his own exorcism our relationship was restored to something like, or as close to, stability as the volatile spirit of Moshe Menuhin could probably ever tolerate.

All went well between us until about 1972. Early that year an old friend, Abdulmunim Shakir, wrote me from Houghton, Maine where he was teaching in a small college. A colleague of his, Gary V. Smith, a political scientist, was contemplating an anthology of Jewish writers who had been critical of Zionism. Would I, Abdulmunim asked, give Smith permission to include an old lecture of mine, "The Real Issues in the Arab/Israeli/Zionist Conflict" and would I suggest a couple of possible authors to write an introduction for the volume? I readily agreed to the first and after some thought suggested that my old friend and sometime mentor, Dr. Morris Lazaron, might agree to do the introduction. If not, I said, perhaps Moshe would. The collaborators at

Houghton contacted Rabbi Lazaron. He pleaded ill health and lack of time and energy. Both reasons were valid. Morris, now deep in his 80's, had done yeoman service in the anti-Zionist cause and was enjoying some withdrawal from this — and other — frays. So Smith contacted Moshe and the invitation was accepted with alacrity. For some reason which now escapes me, I entered into the arrangement and wrote Moshe I was pleased he had agreed to the assignment. But, I added — knowing his propensity for "letting all and sundry have it" when he sat alone with his typewriter — he should remember that the volume contemplated the work of a rather imposing group of authors. He should, therefore, try to limit his introduction to a couple of thousand words and conceive it as a kind of broad "guide to the perplexed" for any who might innocently wonder why such a book was needed at all.

To this mild and friendly admonition there was no comment, nor was one particularly required. Busy with my own work, I put the book project somewhere down on my list of priorities. From time to time Smith asked my advice about inviting one author or another. For the most part I found his judgement good and agreed. It is my impression that he also kept Moshe informed of these selections.

But — as I should have known — little ever proceeded in expectable routine where Moshe was concerned. One day Smith phoned me from Maine and with palpable anguish in his voice said, "I have Menuhin's introduction. First, it is longer than the pieces of any of the contributors to the anthology; and secondly, he unmercifully attacks some of the Jewish critics of Zionism I have included. Can you tell me what I should do? I do not feel I can use the introduction in this form and I am reluctant to try to handle Mr. Menuhin and I certainly do not want to offer him any offence."

Whatever led me to believe I could serve as a peace-maker I will never know. But I suggested Smith send me Moshe's introduction and I would try to reconcile it with what I understood to be Smith's design for his book. When I saw Moshe's manuscript I understood Smith's anxiety. It consisted of some 50 double-spaced typewritten pages. It was replete with "Menuh-isms." It slashed and clubbed and, in a letter of transmittal, Moshe described it as an

"atomic bomb." It was difficult to determine whether the old firebrand had reserved his most striking invective for the classical ideologues of Zionism or for some of Smith's nominees who could not accurately be called "anti-Zionists" but who, nevertheless, had been effective critics of certain, salient, Zionist policies. Among these were people like Martin Buber and Hannah Arendt and among younger critics who might have rejected the formal designation of "anti-Zionists" were the perhaps opportunistic Israeli publicist Uri Avneri, Amos Kenan, I.F. Stone and Norton Mezvinsky.

I had long felt—and several times respectfully written—that the older generation in this roster were simply trapped by their own illusory and idealistic interpretation of Zionism. I remember calling Hannah Arendt shortly after she had written her brilliant critique of the Eichmann trial in which she indicted the supine leadership of the European Jewish communities for unwittingly contributing to the tragedy of Europe's Jews under Hitler by their misreading of events and consequently their inept recommendations for strategy. "You will be excoriated," I said, "despite your very great stature and your record over the years of concern for Jews." And, as I often did in such situations, I offered her the forums of Council audiences if she had any inclination to provide herself with a good defense by taking the offensive.

She was very appreciative. But, she said, "I am not really an anti-Zionist. And when Ben-Gurion passes from the scene Zionism will revert to the kind of broad, liberal movement it was as I first knew it in Germany." I did not feel I was anyone to challenge so hopeful an opinion from a scholar of such Herculian dimensions. And I mention the incident here only because one of the world's profoundest students of totalitarianism who was impeccable in her critiques of the phenomenon generally could not see — or bring herself to see — that in Zionism, as in other anti-democratic ideologies, the flaws were not those of a single man but were integral to the ideology itself.

For the younger "victims" on Moshe's "hit-list" I had a kind of mellowed, friendly — but not patronizing — toleration, somewhat less imposing than my rather awesome estimates of a Hannah Arendt or a Martin Buber. I had observed their surfacing with

more than a little pleasure and enthusiasm. The Zionist establishment was big enough and its (to me) reprehensible character was sufficiently ubiquitous and its arrogance so inflated that for me, *any* responsible efforts to puncture its high-flying balloon were welcome. There was no need for all of us critics to agree to every jot and tittle. There was even an advantage lending credibility to those of us who were proud of our anti-Zionism, when some of those who still called themselves Zionists paralleled or duplicated our views. If they could weaken the grotesque structure from within, this would reinforce our efforts from outside to demolish it or, at least, to quarantine it.

Over a period of some weeks I tried — with what I realized were diminishing prospects of success — to persuade Moshe to my estimate of the value of the book despite the inclusion of some authors who did not fit his pattern of anti-Zionism. At the same time, Smith was also trying to find some accommodation between his idea of an introduction to his book and Moshe's "atomic bomb."

While all this was going on, the essays for the book were in sufficiently good order to begin approaches to a publisher. For a quarter of a century, finding American publishers for anti-Zionist books — no matter how good the quality — had not been easy. The unspoken and unacknowledged ban was hardly less relaxed by 1972/73. The first printing of Moshe's own *Decadence of Judaism* finally had to be left to a "vanity" press — subsidized by Moshe himself. My own experiences with publishers and with the mass media had left me with little but contempt for the "biggies" in both sectors of this self-proclaimed bastion of democracy and passionate supporters of the First Amendment. For my own books, which had stood up fairly well for a couple of decades and had enjoyed satisfactory although not spectacular sales, I had been indebted to two small houses.

After a number of unsuccessful approaches, Norman Dacey persuaded his English publisher to do the book. Part of the arrangement was an agreement that the Arab Information Center in New York would purchase a number of copies. Smith meanwhile had come to the conclusion he and Moshe Menuhin could not reach any mutually satisfactory agreement about the introduction.

The exchange had become bitter and Moshe began speaking of the work as "My book" — and meant it. With a publisher at hand, Smith decided to settle for a short introduction which he would write himself, Finally, the deal seemed wrapped up, with the book ready for production.

Moshe, however, was not yet pacified or defeated. "His" book and its content became a question of high principle. As he did so often, he raised a tactical weapon like one book — and a book which was essentially history rather than recommendatory of future policy or solutions at that—to the level of importance of the entire war. Unable to excite me and having turned off Smith, he knew where the pressure point was. Without the guaranteed sales to the Arab League the British publisher would not risk the investment in a book essentially for American audiences and with an editor of the anthology who was previously unknown. The Arab Information Center at the time was in one of its too-frequent periods of disarray. A very attractive and accommodating young man by the name of Yehya Abubakr who had supervised Arab information in Ottawa, Canada had been sent on a temporary basis to serve as Acting-Director in New York. I liked him very much and was pleased that he regarded me as one of his "elder statesmen" American advisers. Given his youth and the uncertainity of his tenure as Acting-Director — and probably the benign neglect by Cairo in providing him with any consistent and relevant policy guidance — Abubakr quite frequently turned to some of us for counsel. Moshe was not above exploiting this young man's rather uncertain situation and threatened a vigorous attack on the League if the purchase of the Smith book went forward.

Abubakr came to me — and others — to ask what to do. My own advice was that insofar as I knew the facts everything reasonable had been done to placate Moshe. I thought it wrong, on principle, to allow Moshe to exercise a veto on the project. Others who were consulted apparently offered the same advice. Moshe, however, persisted and when the League reaffirmed its commitment to the British publisher a deal was made with Moshe for the League to publish what turned out to be a diatribe in which all of us with any connection with the Smith book were upbraided as "traitors" and either turn-coats or anti-Zionists who had been

deluded into approving the publication and dissemination of Zionist propaganda. When the manuscript of the Menuhin attack was submitted the whole staff of the Arab League Information Center was distraught. Abubakr came to me again. I offered to have a meeting at my home of all who wished to attend to make a final decision about the whole, by now, very annoying and distracting series of events. When Moshe was informed he could not, of course, attend since he would have had to cross the continent from California. He asked me, despite our known differences, to represent his views since I had all the correspondence and had known him longer than any of the others involved. I told him I would be glad to try to state his position as accurately as I could but also advised him I would not advocate those views. I think—and thought at the time—that I made the distinction clear. And I kept my word to Moshe and also held to my own position in the discussion that took place in our home. The decision was made to proceed with the book and, at the same time, to try to dissuade Moshe from dropping his new "atomic bomb." Abubakr suggested that he go personally to Los Gatos to try to reason with Moshe. While I thought this was carrying deference to a minority of one too far, I said this was up to the League office, although I was not hopeful for any happy ending.

I was right in this assessment and the League office finally succumbed and agreed to publish Moshe's version of the whole affair, including his attacks on me and others. A very gracious woman, a Dr. Elwan who was, among other things, an international lawyer assigned to the League office, had been given the assignment of editing and finally processing the Menuhin manuscript. I was in the League office one day for something or other and Dr. Elwan stopped me as I was about to leave.

"I am frightfully embarrassed," she said, "by the job I have to do on the Menuhin pamphlet. But the commitment was made and we feel we have to go through with it. Would you like to see the manuscript before we send it to the printer?"

I told her that as far as I was concerned she need not feel any embarrassment personally. It was my own feeling the League could still tell Moshe the document was not of the quality the League wished to sponsor and that publication would serve no

useful purpose. But if they felt obligated to publish it anyhow I thought my reputation and that of most of the others evaluated by Moshe would survive the attack.

Moshe eventually wrote me that he would no longer support AJAZ. What he did not tell me — but what I should have known out of my long experience with him — was that over the months of wrangling he had shared all of his numerous and voluminous letters with numerous other people, including other AJAZ supporters. The result was that we lost several supporters. The loss was not staggering, either in terms of members or funds, but it was all so futile and so unnecessary. So much time and emotional energy had been wasted that, in a sense, I was relieved to be relieved of handling Moshe's frequent eruptions.

I have had no contact with him since. Occasionally I hear that he is still blasting away from Los Gatos with more "atomic bombs." But it is sad that ego, or confusion of tactics with principles, or excessive rigidity about possession of "the" truth weakens the still less than formidable ranks of those who are in fundamental agreement about the unacceptable principles and policies of Zionism. I never read the pamphlet Menuhin wrote and which the League was pressured into publishing. From hints dropped to me from time to time I suspect practically all the distribution was managed by Moshe himself. My guess is that — along with a number of other more worthwhile materials — the League's storeroom is the repository for most of the copies. As I write this in a new and somewhat more hopeful atmosphere for the views of those of us who have long warned of the evils of Zionism, new coalitions for justice in the problem of Palestine seem possible. They may, in fact, be essential to mount the kind of public support necessary to put the American Congressional/Zionist bloc in proper perspective, and to permit the Executive to proceed, however haltingly, in a direction which, if it is not road-mapped for absolute justice, is at least veering more in the direction of greater equity than anything seen in the United States for a very long time. And some of us veterans will, I think, hope — and advocate — that the partisans of the several variations from "orthodox" Zionism which hold promise of facilitating such progress toward "peace" will avoid the kind of fragmenting

rigidity which I continue to think led to Moshe's separation from AJAZ, from me and from most of the rest of us who represent a kind of mainstream of opposition to Zionism's continuing, inflated influence in American life and, consequently, to the inflated power of the Zionist state. Such a coalescing of ideas — without necessarily requiring a total capitulation of fundamental principles to be achieved in the long pull — is essential if this moment of promise is not to be sacrificed on the altars of vanity, personal vindication and even dilettantism.

OCTOBER 1973

No one can say — or should find it possible to say — "What a lovely war" about *any* conflict in which human life and treasure needed to improve human life is lost. But it would be dishonest in this chronicle, in which I have tried accurately to record not only events but some of my personal emotions and thoughts as well, to deny that the 1973 war seemed to me an inevitable action of historic justice. It came inexorably because of the deliberate refusal of the United States — or at least its ultimate decision-makers — to initiate the human acts of justice and political logic which for so many years stood about waiting for implementation. And I would be less than honest — and perhaps more than human — if I did not confess a certain sense of wry humor as I later saw Mr. Kissinger wiggling about and Mr. Ford stumbling about trying to escape the political price paid for years of American patronage of Zionism and its Middle East state. The scattered expressions of concern over another oil embargo, the wistful glances at the fluctuations of "petro-dollars" invested in the United States, the ridiculous predictions of independence from "unreliable" foreign oil, the courting of Sadat, the "leaked" and then denied criticisms of Israeli rigidity, the nervous stomachs of the Zionist lobbies, the jitters of the Anti-Defamation League all left me somewhat less perturbed than perhaps I should have been.

In a sense, I suppose I feel I have "paid my dues." With whatever talent and resources I could ever command I am proud to have been one of that vanguard in the "Western world" who tried mightily to prevent all of these untoward developments by arguing the now increasingly visible morality of the case of the Palestinians

and "the Arabs" generally, as well as the political logic of a policy consistent with American interests in the Middle East.

To put it all another way, looking back over these thirty-odd years, I am still not sure to what extent the agonizing cerebrations, the unruly confrontations, the studiously restrained contempt for Zionist calumniation, the moral exhortations have been responsible for the rather obvious increasing attention to the Arab case or to American interests and democratic values. It may all be more the result of the inexorability of the mindlessness of simple elemental forces and interests, long denied but no longer deniable. If that is so, personal satisfactions at the turning tide must be diminished and the still cloudy future must be viewed with apprehension. For if only these mindless, elemental forces are in control, conflict of terrifying proportions still stands in the wings, ready to come center-stage. And yet — or more precisely because of this danger — the effort to make morality and reason the directors of the scenario must continue. For there must always be the humanist hope that somewhere in the dumb playing-out of historic forces there will come to power and responsibility a man, or a few men, who will rise above the pettiness and mendacity of most of the world's present leaders and even find political advantage in responding to the often reticent decencies which abide in a sufficient percentage of mankind to make those decencies operable, if only leadership with courage and vision is provided.

It may be — as many think and some fear — that the initiative for such leadership has shifted to what are inaccurately (in historic, democratic terms) called "the radical elements" of our contemporary world. From my perspective, this has begun to take place in the Palestine problem. Most of my old friends are, professionally, in limbo. The strong, personal friendships happily remain. But the action has moved farther away from the centrists we all were. That is one price the United States must now pay for its stubborn, deliberate failure to come to grips with the essential, human values which have for more than half a century in the Zionist-Arab conflict been subverted to political expediences and naked power considerations. And a final satisfaction for me on the personal level is that while I openly confess my commitment to attempting still to influence the centrist elements in American life

— and therefore do not participate actively in the tactics or strategies of the emergent, more "radical" leadership — we are joined in friendship and comradeship by our commitments to the enduring values.

This was made clear to me at one "bull-session" with a group of young Palestinians on my latest trip to Beirut. We were meeting in a classroom at the American University of Beirut in a most informal gathering where, however, I had been asked to deliver just random thoughts on the situation in the United States. Naturally, my observations were oriented to my work with, and still viable hopes in, the great "center" of American public opinion.

When I finished my rambling a young man arose and with obvious and convincing respect said, "Dr. Berger, all of us know you well. What you have tried to do for the cause of justice in this part of the world is something that many of my generation will not forget. But with regret we believe that in terms of practical results you have failed; and now we ask that you understand if we feel we can no longer follow your suggestions for our actions even though we believe we are operating to put into effect the best of your thinking developed over the years."

Not a bad, small candle, I thought, after I had had time to consider the observation, to be left burning in what is surely the twilight of my own life. And so I have few regrets for all these years. I recently told a young Palestinian friend in another reminiscing conversation which he had initiated, "I owe the Arabs nothing. And they owe me nothing. Our paths have met or been parallel when we have both stood upon those great, monumental rocks of human values which, despite the parochialisms of so much of life, are the genuine universalities. And despite the jerry-built structures erected by our politicians, history — if there is any still to be written — will show that it is on these very rocks that the enduring foundations are put in place. Each of us does what he must and it is those ineffable, inner, human values which all of us have acquired through learning, discipline and experience which happily often lead us to be doing much the same thing."

And for whatever of the future health and fortune make it possible for me to be part of, I recall a few words of Justice Oliver

Wendell Holmes, spoken in response to a tribute to his career near the end of his rich and rewarding life.

> To express one's feelings as the end draws near is too intimate a task. But I may mention one thought that comes to me as a listener-in. The riders in a race do not stop short when they reach the goal. There is a little finishing canter before coming to a standstill. There is time to hear the kind voice of friends and to say to myself: "The work is done." But just as one says that, the answer comes: "The race is over, but the work is never done while the power to work remains." The canter that brings you to a standstill need not be only coming to rest. It cannot be while you still live. For to live is to function. That is all there is in living.

I do not know, at my time in life, that I will see the Arabs win their due justice or see my own country exercise the moral leadership which it claims gives it leadership among free men. But I am sure that if this globe is not incinerated in a conflict of the mindlessness of its elemental forces and the derelictions of its present pygmy leaders, those victories of human spirit and disciplined minds will come. For whatever part of the race remains between here and there I may, to use Justice Holmes' figure, be capable only of that "little finishing canter." And I hope to be sustained by the kind voices of good friends made over these years. All in all, not a bad postscript for a life.

Beginning of the End, or End of the Beginning

When Dr. Sharabi informed me of the gratifying response to the original "Memoirs," published in the double Autumn 1975/Winter 1976 issue of the *Journal of Palestine Studies* and invited me to "expand them," he also suggested I might add "some kind of supplement as a concluding section."

I do so with some trepidation. I am reluctant to "tamper with success" and I have Dr. Sharabi's word for it that the Journal's editorial board considers the original contribution a success. Nevertheless, there is a strong temptation to try to write my own, necessarily subjective overview of this rather episodic account of events and personalities. Those events — and personalities — have

been selected because each seemed to me to illuminate some principle with universal implications, relevant not only to the long, tragic history of Palestine or the profound, ideological/philosophical differences between Judaism and Zionism. I have tried to select out of nearly a whole life-time of experiences those which, by my values, seemed to have a substantive relationship to such continuing problems as humans vs. ideologies, free minds and spirits vs. our modern world's huckstered, mass information and its superficial dispensers, the eternal virtues of justice and public morality vs. the improvisations and cynical expediencies of political "leaders." And while my selectivity in my own history was dictated by my values — and is therefore by definition subjective — to whatever extent these criteria for the selection have been realized in the writing, some degree of objectivity and detachment may have been attained.

What I have in mind to write now will be unashamedly subjective. Somewhere in these memory-fragments of events and people there ought to be a few unifying strands. They will necessarily be of my own life and times. In a word, I suppose, I am going to "moralize" — something I have rather tried to avoid as I wrote, attempting to let the experiences speak for themselves.

As I write these concluding lines, there is still hope that the process of political settlement will outpace the still threatening possibility of the fifth Arab/Israel/Zionist war. Some measure of the glacier-like speed at which history moves — despite the vaunted technologies of the educational processes and the surfeit of "information" — is that even the apparent ascendency of Menahem Begin to the post of the Prime Minister in Israel has not completely dissipated the hope for peace. Thirty years ago Ben-Gurion was the fire-eating champion of Zionist sovereignty. We who raised questions of practical politics and international morality then were voices virtually ignored in the wilderness. Today, when another Israeli who has cultivated the image of a "total Zionist" and who is simply less hypocritical than the wily Ben-Gurion talks of the occupied territories as Eretz Yisrael, "liberated" for "the Jewish people," at least yellow warning lights blink off and on. *The New York Times* coins new language. It calls the "Land of Israel" people in Israel "ultra-Zionists." The establishment media

generally are suggesting that if Mr. Begin (not the Arabs, this time) are not reasonable, the United States may have to reconsider its policy of what has been "ultra"-generous military and economic support for Zionism.

I do not profess to know if this time around the United States, in its own interests, will require of Israel the substantive compliance with all of the international agreements which would contain a Zionist/Israel within the June 5, 1967 "borders" and insist upon a formula which would satisfy the already eroded rights of the Palestinians for self-determination in a sovereign state of their own on their ancestral soil. But I am sure — as sure as I am of anything — that ultimately this broadly-stated formula will obtain. It will come either through peace or more tragic warfare. And no other single force or factor in the world rivals the United States as the determinant for either peace or war.

I write these lines in the closing days of May, 1977. Mr. Carter continues to give off emanations suggesting he fully understands the portentous dimensions of his choice. At Notre Dame University he has just said "failure" to reach a settlement could be a "disaster" for the whole world. With broad brush but in the clearest language any President of the United States has yet used, he has painted in what is expected of Israel by way of the "concessions" almost everyone agrees are needed to achieve a "just peace."

All this is some progress. But we who have long been advocating much of what the American President is now saying — and more — will be forgiven for looking upon this "progress' with a fishy eye.

The crunch is still to come. In this same Notre Dame Speech he eschewed "domestic politics" of *either* the United States or Israel as the basis of friendship between the two countries. With the superficiality which has been characteristic of the American media's coverage and analysis of US/Israel relationships, the pundits have interpreted this reference to apply to the newly elevated Likud party in Israel. It remained for the Egyptian, President Sadat, to say pointedly that the Israeli election really changed nothing. The ball is still in Washington's court. Mr. Begin, or whoever will head an Israeli government in which Likud will be the largest

party, will be no more than American subsidy permits or encourages him to be. That has been true of his predecessors. Since the mid-1940's, the United States has been the patron of Zionism and American largesse has sustained — and inflated — the previous Zionist governments of the Zionist state.

Mr. Carter seems to be saying the United States will continue to sustain a Zionist state, making my flash of intuition at Katy Antonius' lecture that day in Jerusalem twenty years ago look even more inspired than I somehow felt it to be at the time. But the United States seems to be saying it expects this state to contain its Zionism to approximately the June 1967 "borders" and to permit the Palestinians to fulfil their legitimate aspirations for national identity and self-determination on part of the Palestinian soil. In return, the Carter formula seems to be asking the Arabs to agree to a "full" peace as differentiated from a mere cessation of belligerency.

By the time these words find their way into print and are read by those patient enough to have survived the preceding pages, much of this formula may be on some anvil of international dialogue where hard negotiations will hammer out the details of a final pattern for settlement. So not a few may ask why, in May, I elected to conclude these highly personal flash-backs into history with this leap to speculation about the future.

Part of my answer, I think, is expressed in a long letter I addressed to Mr. Carter on March 14, 1977, after he (and Secretary of State Vance), in what had to be an orchestrated scenario, had outlined the "three key elements" of any viable settlement: withdrawal, the "interests" of the Palestinians and a "genuine" peace.

The letter represents a carefully considered and drafted exposition of my estimate of some of the contexts in which these three "issues" are likely to be discussed, granted that negotiations in some form are arranged in the coming months. It has never been widely circulated and so I may, perhaps, be forgiven for quoting myself here.

I said, *inter alia:*

On "Security" For Israel:

...[i]t is virtually axiomatic in today's world that with modern weaponry—military, psychological, economic—there is no absolute defense.

...[i]t is doubtful if any fool-proof "borders" exist or can be established.

...[a]fter more than twenty-five years of Arab/Israel/Zionist conflict—it is time to be as certain as humanly possible the urgency for peace is not obscured or the way to peace obstructed by clichés which, however plausible they may sound, are really cover-ups for unreality.

Borders are "defensible," of course—or ultimately indefensible—depending upon who is defending what on either side....

"Defensible borders" have to do less with geography than with intent, national policies and attitudes, both historically perceived and as publicly (or even privately) declared by authoritative and responsible spokesmen for the parties. What is lacking in Israel's defence is not more or less geography but an attitude, a posture toward people on the other side of *any* geographically determined borders between itself and its neighbors. And although there are comparable attitudes on "the other side" the two should not be regarded as genuine equivalents because, without any doubt, the first aggressions were committed by the Zionist progenitors of the present state who also institutionalized a system of discrimination and inequities against Palestine's indigenous, Arab population.

All of the so-called "confrontation states" have now indicated they are prepared to ignore the geographic aggressions involved in that period from 1948-49 to June 1967. This concession represents a major territorial and psychological accommodation to "reality" on the part of "the Arabs."

But in response to these concessions there has been absolutely no comparable commitment from Israel... On the contrary, in defiance of [UN] Resolution 242—as presently construed by a consensus of the world's nations—Israel's declared policy is that

under no circumstances will it yield back to the Arab states concerned all the territory "acquired by war" in 1967. With such an attitude and in such an atmosphere, no borders of the Zionist state will be defensible, except under conditions which anticipate enormous American subsidies for the economy of the Zionist state, as well as to replenish constantly its military establishment, the cost of which is a major contributing factor to its economic disarray.

At least one way to provide . . . clarification would be for the United States Government to state, without equivocation, that it joins in the consensus of most of the rest of the world in interpreting Resolutions 242 and 338 to mean withdrawal from "all" territory occupied in the 1967 war. To appear to support the Israeli contention that it can exercise discretion over how much of the disputed territory it will return to the rightful sovereigns for how much "peace" is to flout the fundamental principle of the resolutions which, in turn, derive their legal and moral force from the Charter of the United Nations.

On the Palestinians

The problem of boundaries is inextricably related to the problem Mr. Vance described as finding "a way to meet the legitimate interests of the Palestinian people."

The sticking point to this day is determination of the question whether or not to recognize the Palestine Liberation Organization. The United States' answer — if one can be deduced from a variety of authoritative statements — is that recognition of the PLO is dependent upon the PLO's acceptance of Resolutions 242 and 338 or, presumably, some other formula for recognizing the existence of the Israeli state and that state's "right" to survival as a "Jewish" state. The Israeli position, stated repeatedly in responsible, authoritative declarations, is that Israel will not negotiate with the PLO under any conditions.

I respectfully suggest, Mr. President that

(1) The United States should not be party to a power-play in which our Middle East client-state uses territory "acquired by war" to dictate the constituency of the "other parties" to

negotiations designed to determine the disposition of the territories in question both in terms of the extent of those territories to be returned to their rightful sovereignties and to the definition of the ultimate sovereignties over these territories.

(2) The United States should make clear it believes both the "interests" in question and the party which must be satisfied in any adjudication of those interests are decisions for "the Arabs" to make.

(3) The United States cannot require of the PLO — or any Arab government, or any other government — that responsible and enduring assurances shall be given guaranteeing "the Jewish character of the State of Israel."

There are Jews in Israel itself — numbers unknown — who reject the idea of a "Jewish" state if this characteristic has to be sustained by such exclusivist, discriminating policies as are pursued by the present regime. These policies are extensions of historic Zionist practices and are, in fact by definition, inherently a part of Zionist-national ideology codified in much of Israel's "Fundamental Law."

. . . It is almost grotesquely inconsistent for your Administration to expect the people who have been most disabled by Israel's Zionist exclusivism to give their blessing to the regime which has wronged them.

On "Peace"

The Israelis apparently understand "peace" to mean full diplomatic recognition, full economic and cultural intercourse and all the accompanying accoutrements which normally obtain between nations with long histories of compatibility, free of conflict over vital interests. "The Arabs," on the other hand, if President Sadat is recognized as the representative political spokesman for "the Arabs" are prepared to go no farther at the moment than firm — presumably formal and legally recorded — agreements to end the persistent state of war or belligerency. The Egyptian President has said that a more complete, full-bodied relationship

must be allowed time for cultivation and maturation in an evolutionary process. He has informally suggested this may take five years.

To put it another way, Mr. Sadat has said, in effect, "Let us remove the historic causes of violent conflict — settling the issues of boundaries and effectuating the generally recognized rights of the Palestinians to *their reasonable* satisfaction — and with these basic issues behind us, normal and amicable relations will then have a chance to develop naturally over a period of time." Israel, on the other hand has said, "Even for *our* kind of peace we are not prepared to return all the territories we have occupied since 1967 nor will we, under any circumstances, negotiate the problem of 'the legitimate interests of the Palestinian people' with the PLO. Furthermore, for anything less than *our* kind of peace we will return correspondingly less territory." In other words, the Israeli position sets importantly restrictive pre-conditions on negotiating the very issues which have created the conflict while, at the same time, they call for unlimited conditions of "peace."

In the Arab/Israel/Zionist conflict the question of the quality of relations between the Arab states, individually or in their regional grouping on the one hand, and the State of Israel, on the other hand, is surely a question to be resolved between the parties... We are not, in any sense, obligated to be surrogate for the Israeli demands for total normality between itself and "the Arabs."

But our consistent reticence to state our own position, to refine the generalities in which our "client" speaks — often within hearing-range of the Oval Office — adds to the impression the United States supports these unrealistic demands; and, in fact, it is our military and economic (and our apparent moral) support which emboldens our "client" to make these demands which are, in effect, deterrents to peace.

My point, Mr. President, is not whether your Administration should, or should not, "pressure" Israel to make the concessions which will be needed if there is to be peace. My point is rather that as long as the Government of the United States maintains a posture of silence or speaks with only deliberate ambiguity while our "client" wages "peace offensives" by eloquently employing

clichés which are really designed to obstruct processes which may lead to a settlement, just so long will the people of the United States, of Israel and of the concerned world suffer the anxieties, the frustrations which can — for only very limited periods of time — sustain no more than the most fragile situation of "non-war." Given such "normality" which has obtained in the Middle East for the better part of the last quarter-century, almost any provocation can prove to be the destabilizing event which precipitates the awful horror of another savage little war. And this time, should it happen this way, there are no certainties a big savage war might not be one consequence.

It is therefore more than time in this long, dreary history of reluctant, deeper American involvement in the problem of Palestine for this preeminent nation of the free world to raise "a standard to which all men of goodwill can repair." In so doing, no other nation worthy of our friendship would misunderstand if we stated clearly and without equivocation our own, vital interests in the stabilization and peace of the Middle East.

Of the Future

There is one final — almost non-political — thought, Mr. President, which I presume to put before you as the note on which to close this earnest communication.

Anyone familiar with the history of the problem of Palestine knows that in the early years of the Zionist/Arab conflict Arab opposition — however justified morally and even legally — was often sustained and articulated with excessive displays of emotion. The creeping involvement of the United States itself was also — to a dangerous degree — fueled by emotions generated from the Zionist side. Recently published records in *Foreign Relations of the United States* (1947 and 1948) tell us that, influenced by such emotionalism, many fundamental policy-decisions were made contrary to the best advices offered by our professional foreign service officers and Middle East experts. Those of us who have worked over the years with the continuing problem believe much American decision-making — or non-making of decisions — is still dictated by an emotionalism which is at least

more rampant than it should be precisely because authoritative voices, rationally articulated policies consistent with American interests, have been muted by political considerations.

But in the "Arab world" there have been significant transformations. Emotions, of course, are still prevalent. But a new leadership has learned the disciplines and restraints of intellectual controls derived from solid training in the human sciences — political science, international law, sociology, economics. To a very substantial extent the leadership group of the "Arab world" now practising these disciplines have been educated in American (or other Western) institutions, either in these Western lands or in the institutions which enlightened westerners have historically maintained in the Arab nations. One of the supreme ironies of this protracted Middle East conflict is that it is precisely these disciples of ours who now, so often, feel the most betrayed and who have developed the ultimate cynicism about the values and ideals to which they were exposed in these educational institutions of the West.

That, of itself, would be tragedy enough. But one of the principal causes of the disillusion is precisely those American policies with respect to Palestine which have been inconsistent with our professed ideals of separation of church and state, of self-determination of peoples, of respect for the humanity of each individual, regardless of race or creed, of the sanctity of the democratic processes operating through governments representative of the governed. And the historic fact, Mr. President, is that we have failed these principles in our virtually uncritical support of the Zionist state.

Of recent years this "new breed" of the Arab leadership cadre has fused this disillusion and cynicism over what it believes to be American insincerity about our own values with the intellectual and academic disciplines acquired in educational institutions ostensibly rooted in and oriented to these values. The fusion has produced opposition to the Zionist state — and through association it has produced suspicion if not hostility to the United States — which is no longer superficial and emotional. What emotion exists is now reinforced with cold logic, with rational disciplines, with deliberated conclusions. Unlike externally sti-

mulated emotions, these attitudes cannot be easily turned off and on by mere demagoguery or even by more sophisticated duplicity or by rhetoric which, in practice, trails off into "mediation" that in effect becomes sanction for the *fait accompli* diplomacy which Zionism has regularly employed to its advantage.

The emergence of this greater sophistication among Arab leaders can become either an asset in the search for peace or a constantly increasing liability. Every present index suggests this new leadership can still be persuaded, by sound logic and respect for the moralities, to join in the search for peace if the search is as honest and courageously resistant to cant and hypocrisy as the historic exigencies of the problem demand; or, this newer Arab mentality can become even more logically, rationally and intractably convinced that there is nothing in the democratic, political processes which will ever be utilized to rectify historic injustices by creating reasonable equities as an integral part of any formula for stabilizing the Middle East.

And Now — What of the Future?

I am now old enough in years to have some moments of fleeting concern that this may be among the last of my advice and testaments; but I am also young enough in heart and mind to want to contribute what I can to refining and clarifying the specifics which must be made in the still broad outlines of a settlement. But whichever it will be — my "last farewell" or the beginning of the process of clarifying generalities — I do not fret much. If I anticipate with some excitement the hard bargaining which it seems possible will now come among the long-time belligerents, I am also confident that here and there — once the secondary question of territory and the central principle of Palestinian rights are established — the record will contain some of the ideas and language I have employed over the years to advocate the fundamentals. I have observed with some satisfaction the increasing recognition of the distinction between Judaism and Zionism. The essential racism of the Zionist state is becoming increasingly visible. An increasing number of the "acceptable" commentators and analysts are gingerly cautioning American Jews

(most of the commentators are less sophisticated than the Arabs and do not distinguish between the average, uninformed and misinformed Jews and the architects of Zionist pressures and propaganda). I see some of the high priests of political pontifications like James Reston calling for a "second look at Israel."

I no longer feel alone. Nor, I think from their communication with me, do those loyal friends who have for all these years made it possible for me to be heard among those who were willing to listen. Sometimes — as at moments of reminiscing like this — I wonder to myself if it has all been worthwhile. Wasn't it all said those several decades ago when some of us recognized the inherent evil of Zionism, saw the importance of "Arab oil," championed the humanity of Palestine's "non-Jewish people" nationals, resisted the creeping Zionist penetration of the institutions of American Jews, chafed at the vulgarization of the political process in the Zionist/politician complex and doggedly pleaded our case to the "realists" who were really the opportunists and the dilettantes? Is Mr. Carter really moved by all these human/moral considerations, or, despite public protestations to the contrary from both the palaces of Riyadh and the White House, are the movers and the shakers the old inexorables of economics, oil and trade? Is it possible the "momentum" for peace is supplied by the late-dawning realization that, as George Ball put it in an article in *Foreign Affairs* a few weeks before this writing,

> Israel is a power with only regional interests...America's view of the world and her responsibility for world developments are of a wholly different order. We must appraise the evolution of the Arab-Israeli dispute in a world setting, taking account not merely of what certain policies might do for, or to, Israel in the short run, but also of what consequences they might hold for other countries and for the peace and well-being of the world as a whole.

Some wag has said, "Men and nations are moved to act rationally only after all other alternatives have been tried and failed." Is it because after a half-century of agonizing failures to resolve the problem of Palestine with every conceivable alternative

to political and moral rationality, the alternatives are now exhausted?

I do not know the answer to these elemental questions. I could rationalize what I see about me these days and say I had a part in making it all happen. But those who have read these memoirs would know that I saw no such grand design three decades ago. On the other hand, if I surrender to some version of economic or even moral determinism I must then ask myself the value of the whole educative process. I must further ask myself why, even at this point in my life, I encourage others to continue that process and urge increased support for the common effort.

But I am not unhappy with these doubts. While I feel them I am reassured I am still "alive." Questioning the value of whatever contribution I may have made for these years authenticates, without sanctimony, my continued outrage at most of the media, the politicians, the certifiers of the obvious, the high priests of platitudes, the purveyors of clichés. Only recently I have read a lead editorial in *The New Yorker* which laments that the American people have not taken seriously enough the "energy crisis." The somewhat self-conscious style-setter for sophisticated comment and literate writing described the energy problem as "a great and obvious global peril," one of the already perceived consequences of which is that it "has already placed the independence of American foreign policy in doubt..."

When I read this I thought, "Another icon has crumbled." For the line is, of course, pure bunk. By definition almost, a *foreign* policy is never "independent" or, at least, the only way "foreign policy" can be independent is if it is unilateral, in which event the question must be asked who or what is the "foreign" party to the unilateral policy. Merely putting the question suggests that the only foreign party to a unilateral foreign policy must be either a willing puppet (which would not, puritanically speaking, be a unilateral relationship) or a party successfully subjugated by force. The fact is that since the days of the Civil War at least and the embryonic beginnings of American national self-consciousness, the nation's foreign policy has been dictated by its policy-makers' judgement of a *mutuality* of interests between the United States and one or more other states. The resultant policy has followed *our*

needs for some raw materials, for general trade, for military reinforcement. Rubber, tungsten, cobalt, chrome, coffee, bananas are among the items which have, at one time or another, been factored into our determination of policy, along with military considerations, "anti-communism," sea-lanes and, in the age of flight, airways.

None of these, perhaps, has ever been quite as elemental as oil is today — and there is no reason not to say so. But with new partners required for a new mutuality if everyone is to make the most prudent use possible of the world's energy resources, *The New Yorker* joins the roster of the irresponsible sacristans of our society when it laments that "oil" jeopardizes our "independence" in making foreign policy. The "elitist" and rather snobbish journal is simply embellishing the hackneyed clichés of the manipulators from Kissinger to Walter Cronkite and all the less-well remunerated in between.

Fear of being labeled paranoid almost — but not quite — prevents me from asking if this is because the new mutuality required involves "the Arabs." But I feel no such inhibition suggesting irreverence for *all* man-made authority as one indispensable ingredient for a satisfying life in this cliché-ridden, mass-manipulated, "don't-make-waves" world.

I am still embarrassed after all these years when appreciative friends, co-workers and colleagues occasionally say, "I don't know how you stood up under it all. What you have done has elements of the heroic."

Not to me. Elements of responsible study and responsible synthesis of the ideas, friendship and support of many others, without doubt. Elements of selfishness, perhaps, in insisting upon pursuing certain ideas and insights which, through responsible thinking and observation, unself-consciously I made part of my life and thinking. Elements of some arrogance, perhaps, in insisting my own mix of thought and experience was as good as that of anyone else and better than most in the problem to which I had devoted so many years — unless I were thoroughly persuaded someone else, or some new experience was so profoundly correct that something I had meshed into the machinery of my life had been conceived and positioned in error.

But martyrdom, heroics — no. Rather, I hope, humility without humiliation because, despite my best efforts and the loyalities of so many friends, all together we have still left so much to be done before there is justice in Palestine and before the universalism of the prophetic tradition in Judaism (and Christianity and Islam) dominates the tribalisms. Gratitude — yes, for all those who, defying Thorsten Veblen, have so generously and graciously refused to reject me because perhaps the time for some of the ideas I have advocated had not yet come. Some of these allies appear in these notes from my memories. Perhaps they will sense a little here of the gratitude I have always felt and could not always express. And perhaps the most truly heroic in this category are those who quietly, consistently but often at the cost of little guerrilla battles on fronts I did not see continued to stand by me in what was a sufficient number of dark and discouraging hours. I thank them all and if these memoirs are ever put to use by some future historian, I hope he will not forget them.

And finally, to my beloved Ruth who might easily have elected a life of intellectual and spiritual convention and stability to complement her material possessions — I owe more than it is within my ability to detail. It was she who, naturally given to introversion herself, made the great effort to be out-going and open and so "pushed" me to do the same. And I am happy to think — as I trace these steps backward in time — that whenever people anywhere from Riyadh or Kuwait to San Francisco, traveling west remember, they often think of both of us. That is precisely as it should be.

And so, somewhat tortuously I am afraid, I bring these memoirs to a close. Writing this "new" conclusion in response to Dr. Sharabi's suggestion has been the most difficult part. And the reason, I think, is that — happily — I do not believe it is yet time for me to write the last chapter. I hope to be around for some time. I hope to have my say as the problem in the Middle East moves to some as yet unclear, new climax, either of peace because of the establishment of justice, or tragically, of still another war if Mr. Carter is no better than his predecessors. I cannot offer to any allies in the struggle for the justice which is indispensable to peace any precise boundary lines dividing Israel and her neighbors. I

cannot materially contribute to the necessary acceleration of "progressivism" in Arab societies. I cannot effectively veto a new resurgence of prostituted "Biblical" Zionism which the Zionist propaganda machine is using to re-style the architect of Deir Yassin by claiming the West Bank and Gaza are part of God's promise to an unrepentant "Israel" or, to use Zionist lingo, "the Jewish people." I cannot directly uphold the hands of those heroic humanists in Israel itself who have for many years — unnoticed by an uninformed "American Jewry" — stood against the Zionist state's racist and discriminatory establishment. I cannot — except vicariously — fight the fight of my progressive friends among the younger, emancipated Arabs, though I wish them the fulfillment of their cherished dreams for societies which will welcome their full capacities to contribute instead of leaving them "in exile" in other countries, including my own. I cannot compel American Jews to drink of the cool, refreshing waters of Judaism's core of spirituality which Amos saw as

> Justice welling up as water
> And righteousness as a mighty stream.

I can only continue to say to them — and to misguided Christians who see this tribalistic sovereignty in the Middle East as some part of the Messianic vision — that long after the anachronism of Zionism has disappeared from the Middle East and Judaism, the wells of justice and the mighty stream of righteousness will continue to slake the spiritual and intellectual thirst of the humans who survive and whose agonizing with the hard problems of life will have enabled other humans to survive.

For after all these years, some measure of wisdom I hope has taught me to know something of my limitations. The knowledge, I think, has not prevented me from constantly trying to move these limitations outward. But always at the center there has been — at least for me — my own integrity. And so to all these parties to the historic controversy in which I have happily spent so many years of my life, I say, using the eloquence of Robert Bolt's Sir Thomas More in *A Man For All Seasons.*

> What matters to me is not whether
> it's true or not but that I believe

it to be true, or rather, not that
I *believe* it, but that *I* believe it.

Beginning there, any of those who will struggle for the cause of a just peace in Palestine — or for any other cause worth the concern of sentient humans — will not need to regret that they will have "won the world but lost their own soul."

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